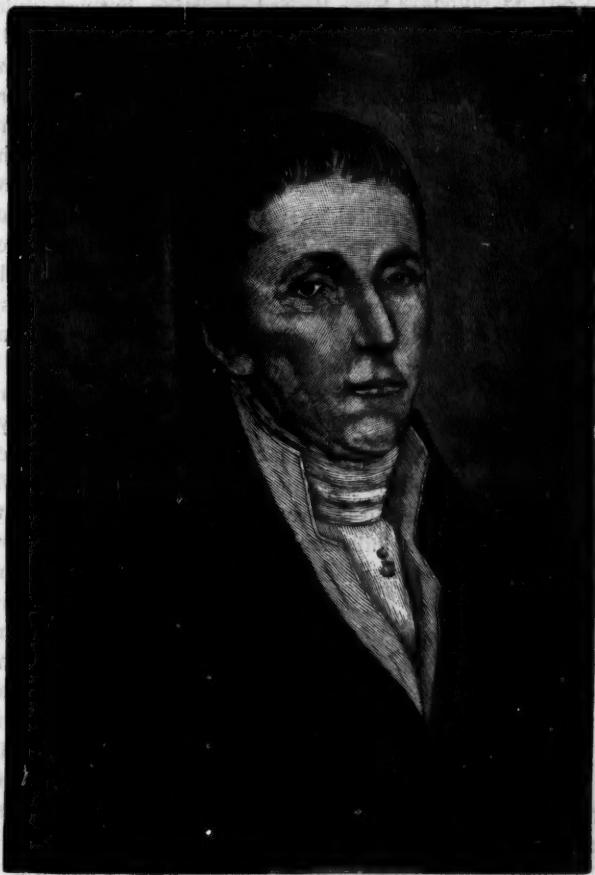


Magazine of Western History.

VOL. I.

DECEMBER, 1884.

No. 2.



LORENZO CARTER.

History is indebted to biography for the greater part of its interest and value. It is not so much what a man thinks or believes as what he does, that gives him character. It was physical strength and a fearless spirit

that distinguished the brave and the bold in the heroic ages. It was these traits of character that gave Lorenzo Carter his renown as a valiant pioneer in the early settlement of the Western Reserve.

Lorenzo Carter, familiarly known as Major Carter, was born in Rutland, Vt., in 1767. He received but a limited education, but was endowed by nature with sound sense and a ready mother wit. At the age of twenty-two he married Miss Rebecca Fuller, a worthy young lady of his native town. The marriage took place on the twenty-eighth of January, 1789. Within a few years after the marriage, the happy pair conceived the idea of making themselves still happier by removing to the "far west"—the mystic land of golden promise. In accordance with this resolution young Carter and family, accompanied by Ezekiel Hawley, bade adieu to Rutland, early in the year 1796, with a view to a permanent settlement at some eligible point in the unbroken wilderness of the Western Reserve. When they reached Lake Erie they crossed over with their families and spent the winter in Canada. Hawley was the brother-in-law of Carter, and both were desirous of selecting permanent homes near each other.

In the spring of 1797 both Carter and Hawley, with their families, recrossed the lake, and arrived in Cleveland on the second of May. They were highly pleased with the appearance of the country, and especially with the beautiful valley of the Cuyahoga river. Hawley and family settled on the elevated land bordering this river, and about a mile from the lake. Carter preferred the eastern hillside near the mouth of the river, where he erected a log cabin, which was located a little north of the present viaduct or bridge at the terminus of Superior street. Here he and his family commenced their career in the wilds of the Western Reserve, amid wild beasts and still wilder men. The Indians at this time were numerous in the region of the Cuyahoga. Its valley was in fact the "Indians' paradise." The river that winds so gracefully along the vale abounded with fish, ducks and geese, while the adjoining forests afforded countless numbers of deer, bears, wild turkeys and other game, all of which were regarded by the Indians as their natural inheritance, and hence they viewed the encroachment of white men with suspicion.

The Cuyahoga originally ran through what is now called the old river bed, and discharged its waters into the lake at a point west of the new breakwater. At that early day there stood a huge Indian mound near the mouth of the river where it now runs, which, it is said, must have had originally a diameter at the base of one hundred and fifty feet, and an

elevation of seventy-five feet. When the river left its old bed it ploughed a new channel in a direct line to the lake, and ran so near the east side of the mound that it soon undermined it and swept it away. The existence of the mound was well known to the early settlers. Several large trees, of a hundred years' growth or more, were standing on the top of the mound in 1796; but the natives of the forest who were found here at that date knew nothing of the origin of the mound, or of the race who built it. In all probability it was built by the ancient Eries, who occupied the southern shore of the lake east of the Cuyahoga, in an age that has no written record. The time has been, doubtless, when the lake shore at Cleveland extended several miles into the lake north of its present boundary. It is well known that the lake has encroached on the land, at Cleveland, nearly half a mile within the last eighty years. The mound was doubtless the sepulchre of some acknowledged chief who, in the lost ages, was the sovereign of the beautiful valley of the Cuyahoga.

In the fall of 1796 the original site of the city of Cleveland was surveyed into town lots by Moses Cleaveland and staff. The surveyors erected at that time two or three log cabins for their own accommodation. These cabins constituted the nucleus of what has now become a great and beautiful city. The cabin built by Carter in the following year was much more pretentious in its size and style of architecture than the humble cabins erected by the surveyors. It had two apartments on the ground floor, and a spacious garret for lodgers. Near the cabin flowed a spring of pure water, cool and clear as a crystal.

Thus provided with a rustic but happy home for himself and family, Carter felt that he must engage in some employment that would afford him a livelihood. The first thing he did was to build a boat and establish a ferry across the river at the foot of Superior street for the accommodation of public travel. In connection with this he kept in his house a small stock of goods adapted to the Indian trade, including whiskey. When a boy he became an expert hunter, and knew that he could rely on his rifle in an emergency, and hence he devoted more or less of his time to hunting for the purpose of obtaining valuable furs and peltries, and securing a supply of wild meat for his family. He soon distinguished himself as a successful hunter in all the region round about him. The Indians found in him an overmatch as a marksman, and a superior in physical strength. He had the muscular power of a giant, and not only knew his strength but knew when and how to use it. He stood six feet in his

boots, and was evidently born to command. His complexion was somewhat swarthy, and his hair long and black. He wore it cut square on the forehead and allowed it to flow behind nearly to the shoulders. He had a Roman nose, and the courage of a Roman. Yet he was as amiable in spirit and temper as he was brave. He dressed to suit himself and as occasion required. In times of danger he always found in his rifle a reliable friend. He not only enjoyed life in the wilderness, but soon became master of the situation. He loved adventures and encountered dangers without fear.



CLEVELAND IN 1800.

On one occasion, as tradition says, he returned from a hunting excursion and found that the Indians had broken into his warehouse, knocked in the head of a barrel of whiskey and imbibed so freely as to become drunk and dangerously belligerent. He marched in among them, drove them out, kicked and cuffed them about in every direction, and rolled several of them, who were too drunk to keep their legs, into the marshy brink of the river. The Indians did not relish this kind of treatment, and meditating revenge, held a council the next day and decided to exterminate Carter. They selected two of their best marksmen and directed them

to follow his footprints the next time he entered the woodlands to hunt, and shoot him at the first favorable opportunity. This the delegated assassins attempted to do, and, thinking to make sure work of it, both fired at him at the same time, but failed to hit him. In an instant Carter turned on his heel and shot one of them, who fell dead in his tracks; the other uttered a terrific war whoop and fled out of sight. This dire result overawed the Indians. From that time no further attempts were made to take Carter's life. His rifle was the law of the land. The Indians became subservient to his will, and were confirmed in the belief that he was the favorite of the Great Spirit and could not be killed. It was in this way that Carter obtained an unbounded influence over the Indians. He always treated them, when they behaved as they should, with kindness and generosity, and when they quarreled among themselves, as they often did, he intervened and settled their difficulties.

Not long after Carter had located at the mouth of the Cuyahoga, David Bryant established a distillery near his cabin, at the foot of the hill. This distillery soon became the favorite resort of both white men and Indians. In a drunken frolic which occurred on the hillside one sunny afternoon among the Indians, the chief, Big Son, charged Menompsy, the medicine-man, with having killed his squaw by administering witchcraft medicine, and threatened to kill him. Menompsy, knowing that he as medicine-man, priest and prophet, was regarded as invulnerable, replied, "me no 'fraid," and when he at nightfall was passing down Union lane on his return to the west side of the river where his tribe were encamped, he was met by Big Son, who with profession of friendship saluted him, and then drew a knife and killed him on the spot. The friends of Menompsy, on hearing of the murder, came over from the west side with the intention of killing Big Son, who had hid himself and could not be found. The "war whoop" was sounded, and a demand made for the surrender of the murderer. The Indians occupying the east and west sides of the river were hereditary enemies, and the danger became imminent that, unless Big Son was surrendered, a bloody fight would ensue between them. At this juncture Carter appeared and negotiated a compromise by which the friends of Big Son agreed to give the friends of Menompsy a gallon of whiskey. But, as it happened, no whiskey could be obtained, and the "war whoop" was renewed. Carter then effected a second negotiation by agreeing upon two gallons of whiskey to be forthcoming on the next day. Bryant put his distillery into operation at once, and the two gallons of

whiskey were furnished as agreed. The friends of Menompsy then returned to their camp on the west side of the river and indulged in a drunken jollification that entirely allayed their thirst for revenge.

At the August term of the territorial court, held at Warren in 1801, Carter was granted a license to keep a tavern at Cleveland on paying into the county treasury the sum of four dollars. The entire Reserve was then included within the limits of Trumbull county, and the county-seat established at Warren. The state constitution was adopted in 1802. At the first state court held at Warren after the adoption of the constitution, Lorenzo Carter, of Cleveland, as it appears of record, was indicted for assault and battery. He was greatly astonished when the officer arrested him and said he must take him to Warren for trial. The friends of Carter were still more astonished than he was, and resolved that he should not be taken to Warren, and proposed to resist the sheriff, asserting that Carter was and always had been an upright and peaceable citizen. The sheriff was obliged to summon aid, and finally succeeded in producing him bodily in court. It was known at Warren that Carter enjoyed the reputation of being a brave, bold and daring frontiersman, and it was supposed by the citizens of Warren that he must therefore be a dangerous fellow. But when arraigned before the court his quiet and manly appearance created a favorable impression. The charge made against him proved to be as frivolous as it was revengeful in spirit. It grew out of a dispute between him and one of his Cleveland neighbors who owned a favorite dog. Carter had discovered that the dog was in the habit of stealing into his milk-house, at the spring, and lapping up the cream from the pans. He finally caught the dog in the act, and chastised the brute. The owner declared his dog innocent. Carter declared the dog guilty. The owner then pronounced Carter a liar. Carter instantly returned the compliment by slapping his accuser in the face. Carter frankly plead "guilty" to the indictment. The court readily comprehended the character of the quarrel, and ordered him to pay a fine of six cents and costs. This he did forthwith. He was received on his return home by his many friends with such open demonstrations of joy and triumph as to convince his accuser that the sooner he removed from Cleveland the better it would be for his personal safety.

The name of Lorenzo Carter had now become well known throughout the Reserve. He was highly respected as a worthy citizen, and was, in fact, the famous pioneer of the Cuyahoga valley. He not only had the

confidence of white men, but acquired an unbounded influence over the Indians. When Carter first came to Cleveland, in 1797, there were but seven persons residing in the town. Its population increased but slowly during the next ten or twelve years. It was Carter's enterprise that built the first frame house in Cleveland. He also built the first warehouse. During the early part of his career at Cleveland, his spacious log cabin on the hillside was regarded as headquarters. It served as a hotel for strangers, and as a variety shop of hunting supplies. It was also a place of popular resort, where the denizens of the town and surrounding country held their social festivities.

The first social dance or ball that occurred at Cleveland took place at Carter's renowned log cabin, July 4, 1801. The party consisted of fifteen or sixteen couples. They came from town and country, some on foot and some on horseback, and were dressed in all sorts of style. They occupied the front room or parlor of the cabin. It had a puncheon floor, and its walls were decorated with deer-horns, powder-horns, rifles and shotguns. The dance began at an early hour. Mr. Jones was the violinist, who, after attuning his instrument, struck up "Hie, Bettie Martin," the favorite air of that day. The mazy dance was executed with marvelous agility, and with a still more marvelous variety of steps. The refreshments were substantial in their character, consisting mainly of baked pork and beans, plum cake and whiskey, and were partaken of with a keen relish and in liberal quantities. The dance was continued until daylight the next morning, when the party dispersed, and returned in a merry mood to their rustic homes. It was doubtless the fruitful result of this public ball which brought with it, on the next Fourth of July, the first wedding that occurred in Cleveland. The nuptials were celebrated at Carter's cabin, in the same decorated parlor in which the first dance had transpired. The happy twain whose "hearts beat as one," and who wished to become one, were William Clement, of Canada, and Cloe Inches, the hired girl in Carter's family, whom he had brought with him from Canada to Cleveland.

The preparations were by no means elaborate or expensive. The bride was dressed in colored cotton, and the bridegroom in domestic sheep's gray. No cards were issued, nor were any costly gifts presented. When the guests had assembled, and the hour arrived, the affianced couple simply arose and "took the pledge" in the exacting language of the Puritanic formula of New England. Rev. Seth Hart officiated. He was from Connecticut, and was in the employ of the land company, and the only

clergyman who could be found to officiate on that occasion. Whether he was the first one in accordance with modern practice, who saluted the bride with a "holy kiss" at the close of the ceremony, does not appear in the traditionary lore of the times.

At a special election held in August, 1804, at the house of James Kingsbury, Carter was elected to the office of major in the state militia, and from that date was always spoken of as "Major Carter." This advancement to one of the enviable honors of his time not only increased his popularity but enlarged his business facilities. In 1808 he built the first vessel constructed at Cleveland, named the "Zephyr," thirty tons burden and designed for the lake trade.

The county of Cuyahoga was organized in 1809, and Cleveland made the county-seat. The population of the town at that time was but forty-seven. Nearly three years elapsed before the county erected a court-house and jail. In the meantime a small room in a private dwelling, located on the north side of Superior street, was used as a court room and the garret of Major Carter's log cabin as a jail. The Indian, John O'Mick, who murdered two white men in the year 1812, was incarcerated in this garret, where he remained chained to a rafter for several months previous to his trial. The major assumed the responsibilities of jailer and deputy-sheriff. The Indian was tried for his crime at the April term of the court, found "guilty," and sentenced to be hanged on the twenty-sixth of June following.

When the day arrived on which the execution was to take place, a one-horse lumber wagon, containing a coffin made of rough boards, appeared at the door of the major's cabin, ready to receive the convict and transport him to the gallows on the public square, where he was to be executed. O'Mick had frequently, after his conviction, said to the major that he would show the white men how bravely an Indian could die, and that the executioner need not tie his hands, but simply adjust the rope, and he would leap from the scaffold and hang himself. He decorated himself with paint and war plumes, and when led from the garret, sprang nimbly into the wagon and sat down on his coffin with an air of stolid indifference. He was then taken under military escort, marching to the music of fife and muffled drum to the public square, where a large crowd of citizens had gathered to witness the execution. Soon as the convict arrived he was taken by Sheriff Baldwin and, with the aid of Carter, forced to ascend the ladder to the scaffold, where the rope was adjusted about his neck and an appropriate prayer offered by Rev. Mr. Darrow. At the

close of the prayer the sheriff readjusted the black cap, and at the moment he stepped to let fall the fatal trap, O'Mick sprang and seized a side post of the gallows with an iron grasp the sheriff could not disengage. Carter, who spoke the Indian language with ease, reminded O'Mick of his professed bravery and tried to persuade him to let go the post, and finally succeeded in compromising the matter with him by giving him a pint of whiskey. O'Mick drank the whiskey, and said he was ready to swing. The sheriff attempted to proceed, when O'Mick played the same trick a second time, and again compromised for another pint of whiskey, which was given him, and while he was swallowing it the trap was let go and down went the "poor Indian" with a jerk that broke his neck and the rope, and left him on the ground writhing in the apparent agonies of death. At this fearful moment a terrific thunder storm, attended with violent wind and rain, burst overhead and compelled the crowd to disperse in haste. In the meantime the remains of O'Mick, whether dead or alive, were hastily buried beneath the gallows by direction of the sheriff. On examination the next morning the body could not be found. Some thought that O'Mick had resurrected himself and fled. Others thought the medical profession had secured the prize. At any rate his skeleton was, some thirty years afterwards, known to be in the possession of the late Dr. Town of Hudson. What has since become of it is not known.

Major Lorenzo Carter was the right man in the right place for the times in which he lived. No man, perhaps, could have accomplished more, or executed his life's work better than he did, under the same circumstances. He accumulated a handsome property, and in the latter part of his life purchased a large farm, which he improved, and which lay on the west side of the Cuyahoga river, nearly opposite the termination of Superior street. This farm, after his death, became the property of his son, Alonzo Carter, who occupied it for many years, when it was sold to the Buffalo land company and cut up into city lots. It has now become an important business part of the city of Cleveland. The major died February 7, 1814, at forty-seven years of age. He was the father of nine children, three sons and six daughters, Alonzo, Laura, Rebecca, Henry, Polly, Rebecca, Lorenzo, Mercy and Betsey, all of whom are now deceased. One of his sons was drowned in the Cuyahoga river when but ten years old. His daughter, the first Rebecca, died when young. The other children attained to maturity, and led exemplary lives. His wife died October 19, 1827. The descendants of the major are numerous, and are not only

worthy but highly respected citizens. His grandsons, Henry, Lorenzo, Charles and Edward Carter, reside in the Eighteenth ward, and others of his descendants reside in the vicinity, or at no great distance, and are connected by marriage with prominent families—the Rathburns and Northrops of Olmstead Falls, the Akins of Brooklyn, the Ables of Rockport, the Cathans of Chagrin Falls, the Rathburns of Newburgh, the Peets of Ridgeville, Mrs. Crow of Newburgh, and others. Major Carter and his wife Rebecca were consigned to their final resting place in the Erie street cemetery, near its western entrance. Two marble headstones mark the spot, and also bear upon their face a brief record that is worthy of a reverent remembrance.

HARVEY RICE.

AMONG THE OTCHIPWEES.

I.

Like all the northern tribes, the Chippewas are known by a variety of names. The early French called them *Sauteus*, meaning people of the Sault. Later missionaries and historians speak of them as *Ojibways*, or *Odjibwes*. By a corruption of this comes the Chippewa of the English. Among themselves they are known as the *Otchipwees*.

On the south of the Chippewas, in 1832, across the straits of Mackinaw, were the Ottawas. Some of this nation were found by Champlain on the Ottawa river of Canada, whom he called *Ottawawas*. In later years there were some of them on Lake Superior, of whom it is probable the Lake Court Oreille band, in northwestern Wisconsin, is a remainder. The French called them "*Court Oreillés*," or short ears. All combined, it is not a powerful nation. Many of them pluck the hair from a large part of the scalp, leaving only a scalp lock. This custom they explain as a concession to their enemies, in order to make a more neat and rapid job of the scalping process. A thick head of coarse hair, they say, is a great impediment. Probably the true reason is a notion of theirs that a scalp lock is ornamental. The practice is not universal among Ottawas, and is not common with the neighboring tribes. These were the people who committed the massacre of the English garrison at Old Mackinaw, in 1763.

West of the Ottawas, across Lake Michigan, around Green bay, were the Menominees. They were neither warlike nor numerous. They had a

remarkable orator known as "Grisly Bear." He was a war chief only, but had more influence than Oshkosh, the hereditary chief. His eloquence was felt by those who could not comprehend his language. In their councils he was as nearly supreme as an Indian chief can be. He inflamed them for war or quieted them when they were inflamed. The officers, agents and traders treated him with great respect on account of his talents, although he never lost an opportunity of getting drunk, and keeping so as long as drink could be had. For this he would beg and lie, but was too high minded to steal. Oshkosh was a young man of excellent sense. His home was on the west side of the Fox river, about two miles above Lake Winnebago, near the city which bears his name. He was killed in a quarrel near the extremity of Kitson's bend, on the Menominee river.

The Oneidas, a small remnant of that nation, from New York, were located on Duck river, near Fort Howard, and the Tuscaroras on the south shore of Lake Winnebago.

Next to the Menominees on the west were the Winnebagoes, a barbarous, warlike and treacherous people, even for Indians. Their northern border joined the Chippewas. Yellow Thunder's village, in 1832, was on the trail from Lake Winnebago to Fort Winnebago, south of the Fox river about half way. He was more of a prophet, medicine man or priest, than warrior. In the Black Hawk war many of the Winnebago bucks joined the Sacs and Foxes. Only four years before the United States was obliged to send an expedition against them, and to build a stockade at the portage. Their chiefs, old men and medicine men, professed to be very friendly to us, but kept up constant communications with Black Hawk. When he was beaten at the Bad Ax river, and his warriors dispersed, they followed the old chief into the northern forest, captured him, and delivered him to the United States forces.

One of the causes of the Black Hawk war, in 1832, was the murder of a party of Menominees near Fort Crawford, by the Sacs and Foxes. There was an ancient feud between those tribes, which implies a series of scalping parties from generation to generation.

As the Menominees were at peace with the United States, and their camps were near the garrison, they were considered to have been under Federal protection, and their murder as an insult to its authority. The return of Keokuk's band to the Rock river country brought on a crisis in the month of May. The Menominees were anxious to avenge them-

selves, but were quieted by the promise of the government that the Sacs and Foxes should be punished. They offered to accompany our troops as scouts or spies, which was not accepted until the month of July, when Black Hawk had returned to the Four Lakes, where is now the city of Madison.

On a bright afternoon, about the middle of the month, a company of Menominee warriors emerged in single file from the woods in rear of Fort Howard, at the head of Green bay. They numbered about seventy-five, each one with a gun in his right hand, a blanket over his right shoulder, held across the breast by the naked left arm, and a tomahawk. Around the waist was a belt, on which was a pouch and a sheath, with a scalping knife. Their step was high and elastic, according to the custom of the men of the woods. On their faces was an excess of black paint, made more hideous by streaks of red. Their coarse black hair was decorated with all the ribbons and feathers at their command. Some wore moccasins and leggings of deer skin, but a majority were barefooted and barelegged. They passed across the common to the ferry, where they were crossed to Navarino, and marched to the Indian agency at Shantytown. Here they made booths of the branches of trees. Captain or Colonel Hamilton, a son of Alexander Hamilton, was their commander. As they had an abundance to eat and were filled with martial prowess, they were exceedingly jubilant.

Their march was up the valley of the river, recrossing above Des Peres, passing the great Kakolin, and the Big Butte des Morts to the present sight of Oshkosh. Thence crossing again they followed the trail to the Winnebago villages, past the Apukwa or Rice lakes to Fort Winnebago, making about twenty miles a day. On the route they were inclined to straggle, presenting nothing of military aspect except a uniform of dirty blankets. Colonel Hamilton was not able to make them stand guard, or to send out regular pickets. They were expert scouts in the day time, but at night lay down to sleep in security, trusting to their dogs, their keen sense of hearing and the Great Spirit. On the approach of day they were on the alert. It is a rule in Indian tactics to operate by surprises, and to attack at the first show of light in the morning.

From Fort Winnebago they moved to the Four Lakes, where Madison now is. Black Hawk had retired across the Wisconsin river, where there was a skirmish on the twenty-first of July, and the battle of the Bad Ax was being fought.

A few miles southwesterly of Waukedah, on the branch railroad to the iron mines of the Upper Menominee, is a lake called by the Indians "Shope," or Shoulder lake, which I visited in the fall of 1820, in company with the late Edward Desor, a scientist of reputation in Switzerland. It discharges into the Sturgeon river, one of the eastern branches of the Menominee. There was a collection of half a dozen lodges, or wigwams, covered with bark, with a small field of corn, and the usual filth of an Indian village. The patriarch, or "chief" of that clan, came out to meet us, attended by about thirty men, women and children. By the traders he was called "Governor." His nose was prominently Roman. He stood evenly on both feet, with his limbs bare below the knees. The right arm was also bare, and over the left shonlder was thrown a dirty blanket, covering the chest and the hips. A mass of coarse black hair covered the head, but was pushed away from the face. The usual dark, steady, snake-like, black eye of the race examined us with a piercing gaze. His face, with its large, well proportioned features, was almost grand. His pose was easy, unstudied and dignified, like one's ideal of the Roman patrician of the time of Cicero, such as sculptors would select as a model.

This band were Chippewas, but the coast of Green bay was occupied by Menominees or Menomins, known to the French as "Folle Avoines," or "Wild Rice" Indians, for which Menomin is the native name. Above the Twin Falls of the Menominee was an ancient village of Chippewas, called the "Bad Water" band, which is their name for a series of charming lakes not far distant, on the west of the river. They said their squaws, a long time since, were on the lakes in a bark canoe. Those on the land saw the canoe stand up on end, and disappear beneath the surface with all who were in it. "*Very bad water.*" From that time they were called the "Bad Water" lakes.

Cavalier was a half-breed French and Menominee. He was a handsome young man, and was well aware of it. Though he was married, the squaws received his attentions without much reserve. Half-breeds dress like the whites of the trading post, and not as Indians. Their hair is cut, and instead of a blanket they have coarse overcoats, and wear hats. Many of them are traders, a class mid-way between the whites and Indians.

Polygamy is the most fixed of savage institutions, and one that the half-breed and trader do not despise. Chippewa maidens, and even wives have many reasons for looking kindly upon men who wear citizens'

clothes and trade in finery. Moccasins they can make very beautifully, but shawls and strouds of broadcloth, silk ribbons, pewter broaches, brass rings and glass beads they cannot. These are the work of the white man. But none of that race, man or maid, has a more powerful passion for the ornamental than the children of the forest, male or female. Let us not judge the latter too harshly—poor, ignorant, suffering slave, with none of the protection which the African slave could sometimes invoke against barbarian cruelty. Their children are as happy and playful as those of the white race. Before they become men and women they are frequently beautiful, the deep brunette of their complexion having, on the cheek, a faint tinge of a lighter color, especially among those from the far north, like the "Bois Forts" of Rainy lake. Young lads and girls have well formed limbs and straight figures, with agile and graceful movements. At this age the burdens and hardships of the squaws have not deformed them. The smoke of the lodge has not tanned their skin to Arab-like blackness nor inflamed their eyes. In about ten years of drudgery, rowing the canoe, putting up lodges, bearing children, and not infrequent beatings by her lord, the squaw is an old woman. Her features become long and angular, the melodious voice of childhood is changed to one that is sharp, shrill, piercing and disagreeable. At forty she is a decrepit old woman, and before that time, if her master has not put her away, he may have installed number two as an additional tyrant.

Well up the Peshtigo, on a rainy, foggy afternoon, we made an early camp near a dismal swamp on the low ground. On the other side of the river, at a considerable distance, were heard the moans of a person evidently in great distress. Cavalier was sent over to investigate. He found a wigwam with a Menominee and two women, both wives. The youngest was on a bridal tour. The old wife had broken her thigh about a month before, which had not been set. She was suffering intensely, the limb very much swollen, and the bridal party wholly neglecting her. It was evident that death was her only relief. A strong dose of morphine gradually moderated her groans, which were more pathetic than anything that ever reached my ears. Before morning she became quiet.

As the water was very low I went through the gorge of the Menominee above the Great Bekuennese, or Smoky falls. Near the lower end, and in hearing of the cataract, I saw through the rocky chasm a mountain in the distance to the northeast. My half-breed said the Indians called it Thunder mountain. They say that thunder is caused by an immense bird

which goes there, when it is enveloped by clouds and flaps its wings furiously.

Turning away from the mists of the cataract and its never ceasing roar, we went southwesterly among the pines, over rocks and through swamps, to a time-worn trail leading from the Bad Water village to the Pemenee falls. This had been for many years the land route from Kewenaw bay to the waters of Green bay at the mouth of the Menominee river. When the copper mines on Point Kewenaw were opened, in 1844 and 1845, the winter mail was carried over this route on dog trains, or on the backs of men. Deer were very plenty in the Menominee valley. Bands of Pottawatomies scoured the woods, killing them by hundreds for their skins. We did not kill them until near the close of the day, when about to encamp. Cavalier went forward along the trail to make camp and shoot a deer. I heard the report of his gun, and expected the usual feast of fresh venison. "Where is your deer?" "Don't know; some one has put a spell on my gun, and I believe I know who did it."

On an island in Lake Vieux desert, or the Lake of the Old Gardens, there was a band of Chippewas, known as the "Kittakittekons." There is on that island—which is a point in the boundary between Michigan and Wisconsin—ancient earthworks, which probably are of the time of the mound builders and effigy builders of Wisconsin. This lake is at the sources of the Wisconsin river, and near those of the Wolf and Ontonagon rivers.

The Chippewas are spread over the shores and the rivers of Lake Superior, Lake Nipigon, the heads of the Mississippi, the waters of Red lake, Rainy lake and the tributaries of the Lake of the Woods. When Du Lhut and Hennepin first became acquainted with the tribes in that region, the Sioux, Dacotas, or Nadowessioux, and the Chippewas were at war, as they have been ever since. The Sioux of the woods were located on the Rum, or Spirit river, and their warriors had defeated the Chippewas at the west end of Lake Superior. Hennepin was a prisoner with a band of Sioux on Mille Lac, in 1680, at the head of Rum river, called Isatis. When Jonathan Carver was on the upper Mississippi, in 1796, the Chippewas had nearly cleared the country between there and Lake Superior of their enemies. In 1848 their war parties were still making raids on the Sioux and the Sioux upon them.

CHARLES WHITTLESEY.

LOUISIANA—HOW LOST TO THE FRENCH.

The old French and Indian war, begun in 1754, intimately effected the destiny of Louisiana, although her soil was not invaded. As one of its results the valley of the Mississippi was dismembered and the west half thrust upon Spain—an unwillingly accepted gift. Nova Scotia and Canada, the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi, and the lands of far west, even to the shores of the South Sea, as they called the Pacific, belonged to the French or were claimed as theirs. To protect what they actually possessed and support their pretensions, to secure safe intercommunication between the north part of their possessions and the south, and constrain the English to confine themselves to the eastern slope of the Alleghany mountains, a series of defensive works was designed, extending from the Mississippi to the Lakes.

Land hunger on the part of the English, large grants north of the Ohio, restlessness of backwoodsmen, the eagerness of the rivals to monopolize the fur trade, and national antipathies and prejudices, mutually fostered, were among the causes of the war—a war so destructive in the event to the interests of one of the combatants.

Unity of direction, concentration of population at a few points, military spirit and military habits, and the friendship of the Indian tribes who inhabited the western wilderness, were on the side of the French, though inadequately compensating for the disparity of numbers between them and their rivals. All told, their continental possessions contained scarcely sixty thousand souls, whereas the English colonists were estimated at more than a million, besides their alliance with the Iroquois, the most formidable by far of all the northern savages, and especially favorably situated to coöperate in any movement directed against Canadian posts or the regions of the upper Ohio river.

The English who ventured westward were seized and imprisoned; the Virginians resented the act, dispatched forces across the mountains under Washington, who at first was successful and then compelled to capitulate. Fort Duquesne was built where Pittsburgh now stands. Braddock arrived in 1755 with an army, and with auxiliary troops marched westward to

attack the fort. Expeditions against Crown Point and Niagara were planned. Nova Scotia was invaded, the Acadians were overcome and ruthlessly transported to different points in the English colonies. Braddock was defeated with great slaughter. The expedition against Niagara was unsuccessful, that against Crown Point more favorable to British aims.

War was formally declared in 1756. Oswego was taken by the French. In 1757 Fort Henry capitulated to Montcalm, and the victory secured him complete possession of Lake George. The general result at the close of the year, although large reinforcements had arrived from England, was disaster and defeat.

In 1758 the influence of William Pitt at the head of the British government was felt in America; and the English commandant, General Abercrombie, was enabled to count upon an aggregate force for the prosecution of the war, of fifty thousand men, two-fifths of whom were colonial troops. Three expeditions were planned—against Louisbourg, Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and Fort Duquesne. The first was taken, the second successfully resisted, and the third, after some temporary advantages over General Forbes, who led the attacking column, was abandoned and burnt. The new post that arose upon its ruins was thereafter known as Fort Pitt.

In 1759 Ticonderoga and Crown Point were evacuated by the French, and Sir William Johnson captured Niagara. Wolf attacked Quebec, was killed, as also its defender, Montcalm. The city surrendered.

Face to face the giants stood, a death struggle at hand, an empire to be lost or saved. Note the contrast.

England was governed by the greatest and most masterful of all the distinguished ministers she had ever had, who wielded the resources and the power of a mighty empire with firmness, and vigilance, and vigor, and undaunted perseverance, to the crushing of a rival nation—to this end sacrificing all else and constraining all interests to contribute.

On the other hand, France was under the rule of the miserable Louis XV, as degraded a prince as ever sat upon a throne, whose ambition a new mistress, whose aim in life the gratification of lust, whose companions gilded harlots, whose estimate of money its power to minister to groveling pleasures. Little cared he for success or failure, victory or defeat, honor or dishonor, so long as his ignominious enjoyments were not interfered with; and the revenue of his kingdom, which should have been husbanded to sustain the mighty contest in which the nation was involved, was wasted upon minions that pandered to his vanity, battered on his

vices, took part in his orgies, or gave up their bodies to gratify animal passions so vile and so fierce as to increase with indulgence and know no satiety. Such a thing deserved not success.

In 1760 the combined English force laid siege to Montreal; and in September the stronghold capitulated. The fall of Montreal practically ended the war, as its surrender carried with it that of all Canada, including the posts and forts within her jurisdiction, and left Louisiana at the mercy of the conqueror.

The peace of 1763 terminated ingloriously the continental domination of France in North America. Her feeble grasp was relaxed of a domain the most remarkable, the most valuable, and the most extensive any nation ever possessed since the universal empire of all conquering Rome. The Canada that was known, the northern streams and lakes, and the land they watered, whose extent had not been measured by discovery, the vast territory beyond the Mississippi, the Louisiana that Marquette had given to France and LaSalle explored, of itself a noble heritage for generations unborn, were lost forever.

The causes of this overwhelming disaster that lie on the surface were: *First*, the relative position of the contestants; a huge semicircle would roughly represent the line circumscribing their respective countries—the English inside, the French on the circumference. *Next*, disparity of numbers, nearly twenty to one in favor of the British. *Third*, the energy and activity of the English government, which sent large reinforcements to the colony and urged on the war with a determination to overthrow their opponents forever, whereas but feeble aid was sent by France. *Fourth*, the wretched system of government imposed upon Louisiana, and the policy of the mother country in her regard, from the very start, under which it would have been a marvel had she prospered and grown strong, and been in a condition to organize formidable flank movements in time of need, against the western borders of the adjacent colonies.

Looking at results in the light of more than a century's experience, the thought is suggested that possibly it would have been better had France either been completely triumphant and possessed the land exclusively with an abundant population, or never attempted to colonize the wilds of the west and south; for somehow the Franco-Canadian population, found in the valley when the French rule ceased, and later when the trans-Mississippi regions were purchased by the United States, has seemed rather overwhelmed by numbers than absorbed or assimilated by the

dominant race. It has maintained its individuality in manners, and customs, and spirit, and to some extent its native tongue; and its ideas and its life seem to lie outside the Hiberno-Teutonic-Anglo-Saxon population which in this century has spread over the land.

For the monuments of the ancient population we look in vain. Where, undispersed, it still vegetates in a few villages, chiefly along the water-courses, founded long ago, it is as its ancestors were when the Bourbon flag was lowered at the citadel of Fort Chartres—unchanged, impassive, a complete stranger to our nineteenth century ideas. A hundred and twenty years have passed, but it has stood still. It has enriched geography with names, and history with events, but suffered its missionaries and its martyrs, a noble band and its noblest representatives, to lie unhonored in forgotten graves, and the memory of its heroes to slumber uncared for in the chronicles of the past; and even to these, if Marquette, and Joliet, and La Salle, and Bienville, and St. Ange, and others are not as dim and shadowy forms, it is not the primitive population of the valley that has revealed them to us as realities. If we look abroad over the face of our earth where men congregating have formed towns and cities, what is there that witnesses to the presence of the race, either collectively or individually, that once possessed the land and still lives in its descendants. Their memorials may be counted upon less than the fingers of one hand. With not one single important work of education, art, science, culture, benevolence or religion are they associated. Rich or poor they acknowledge no claim upon them as citizens in regard to such works, and pass them by with indifference as matters in which they have no concern.

Franco-Canadians discovered the valley of the Mississippi, missionaries of their race led the vanguard of civilization into its savage wilds to dispense the blessings of religion to the red man and the white, and nature offered the advantages of a fertile soil, genial and diversified climate, and suitable waterways for commerce with a lavish hand. An energetic population and good government were all that were needed that a grand empire should arise in the midst of the wilderness. But the rule of the Bourbon weighed heavy upon the land, and those who came to make it their home seem not to have brought with them the native qualities which characterize their race on the other side of the sea.

OSCAR W. COLLET.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

From the Western Reserve of Ohio—a community exceptionally interesting by reason of its peculiar moral, intellectual and social tone, and the active influence its advancement and liberality have had upon the determination of many great questions of the present century—came much of the most effective effort in behalf of slavery abolition. Perhaps it would scarcely be fair to say that this effort overbalanced that of some other portions of the country in any one of the succession of contests which led to ultimate victory, but it is not too much to assert that it was more consistent and the public opinion behind it more united and invariable than that of any other community in the United States, traced from its first voice in the question, until slavery ended, *de jure* by the proclamation of the executive; *de facto* by the ordeal of combat. In the light of this fact, the personal and political biography of the man who for twenty years represented most prominently this Western Reserve sentiment in the lower house of Congress, and who, from 1843 until 1858, was the acknowledged leader of the anti-slavery movement in the United States, must possess an especial interest.

Joshua R. Giddings was remotely of English stock, an ancestor having emigrated from England in 1635, and settled at Gloucester, Massachusetts. His great-grandfather removed from Massachusetts to Lynn, Connecticut, in 1725, and there Joshua Giddings, father of the future Congressman, was born. Later the family lived at Howland, Connecticut, and in 1773, Joshua Giddings, having married, followed the westward tide of emigration, settling in Bradford county, Pennsylvania, at the little town of Tioga Point, where Joshua R. Giddings was born on the sixth day of October, 1795. He was but six weeks of age when his father, who was endued with the characteristic spirit of the American pioneer, again broke up his home and moved to the village of Canandaigua, New York, then standing very near the western limits of civilization, and holding an unquestioned place as the social and intellectual capital of western New York. At Canandaigua the family remained until the spring of 1806, when, having made an exchange of the farm at that place for a large tract of wild land in

what is now Wayne township, Ashtabula county, all save the father and eldest son, who had preceded, set out, with farm stock and household goods, upon the weary journey into the heart of the Ohio wilderness, arriving at the rude log house, which had been prepared for them, on the sixteenth of June following.

The uncleared farm lay at the very centre of the Western Reserve, not, be it said, at the geographical but at the moral centre. Coming so early into the new settlement, when neighbors, however remotely separated by miles, were closely allied by common interest, the Giddings family may almost be said to have been present at the birth of that society, which has since, year by year, wielded so great a power that even in the days of the forties and fifties, it was sneered at by its moral opponents of the press and stump as a state separate from Ohio. Such being the case, it followed naturally that the germs of sentiment, which later became vital principles alike in his own life and in that of his neighbors and friends, should have developed early in the sturdy youngster, and that in later years he should have had so thorough an appreciation of the spirit of the Reserve that, as one has said, "he never had need to feel the pulse of his constituents; it beat in his own body." He never erred in forecasting their views upon any vital political question, for, making due allowances for minor differences of opinion, it was always his own, and upon this perfect accord and the moral support it gave him, depended much of his latter success.

When young Giddings reached Ohio he had everything to learn save the alphabet, and his entire systematic education consisted of only a few weeks in school and a short period of supplementary study under Rev. Harvey Coe, who taught him the rudiments of mathematics. For the rest he worked out his own intellectual salvation, borrowing every book he heard of for miles around, at the expense of long tramps through the woods, and studying it by the light of torches after his day's work was done.

At the age of nineteen years, Giddings volunteered to accompany an expedition against the Indians, who then menaced the northwestern frontier of Ohio, and saw a little active service, being engaged in a skirmish near Fort Stephenson, which was the first collision upon Ohio soil during the war of 1812. Returning he resumed his place upon the farm, taught school, studied persistently under his own tutorship, and so continued until the age of twenty-three years, when he began the study of law in the office of Elisha Whittlesey, being admitted to the bar in 1821.

Giddings was never a great lawyer, but he was a very well read, a very conscientious, a very thorough, and, practically, best of all, a very successful one. He lost no time after his admission, in setting out to "ride the circuit," and, receiving a retainer now and then, it did not need many months to build up a living practice. He soon won the best of all legal reputations, that of winning cases and doing so honestly, and it was but few years before he was retained in almost every important case tried in Ashtabula, Trumbull and Geauga counties, then including what are now Mahoning and Lake counties.

In 1831 Mr. Giddings formed a law partnership with Benjamin F. Wade, and the two prospered so greatly that in five years the former considered himself warranted in giving up his practice and retiring upon his invested property. This he did, Rufus P. Ranney succeeding him in the firm. He, however, lost heavily in the wild land speculations then rife, and in 1838 returned to the bar and readily regained his practice, which he continued until, in 1838, he was nominated over Hon. Seabury Ford, to succeed Elisha Whittlesey, who had resigned his seat as representative in congress for the sixteenth district. Mr. Giddings was elected for the unexpired term in the twenty-fifth congress, and later served, with the exception of a few weeks subsequent to his famous censure, until the close of the thirty-fifth congress, in 1858. His retirement from law practice was final.

It is, of course, impossible within the limits of a magazine article to give any connected account of the congressional services of Mr. Giddings. It is in fact the history of the twenty years of legislative contest on the subject of slavery—twenty years more pregnant with events, more full of constant incident and excitement, marked by greater bitterness and violence than any other in our parliamentary history. To follow, even in outline, the part taken in this contest by Mr. Giddings would of itself require a volume, and, in considering the matter, it must suffice to casually glance at a few episodes of this long and arduous service, which may serve to illustrate in a measure the character of Mr. Giddings, his methods and how great was his part in bringing to pass results, as the hasty outline of his earlier years has been intended to enlighten the reader as to the formative influences which made him what he was.

At the time of his election, Mr. Giddings was in the prime of a splendid manhood. He was forty-three years of age, a giant in size and a giant in physical strength. He was not quite a novice in legislative matters,

having in 1826 been elected to the Ohio house of representatives, where he served one term. That body did not, however, so long since, have any very serious questions to meet, its duties being largely routine, but its kindergarten teaching had made Mr. Giddings reasonably familiar with parliamentary practice, and, as he plunged almost immediately into the active duties of his place in congress, he found this practice very advantageous. He had the knowledge that any shrewd and intelligent man must gain by twenty years of busy law practice and many more years of hard study, in whatever community he may have lived. He knew, however, nothing of the world—or, rather, nothing of what men in more crowded and bustling communities call the world. Save for a few months, his youth and manhood had been spent in the same simple society, where fashion and luxury were as yet unknown, and frugality was the universal rule of life.

That a man going from such surroundings to the capital—then, as now, one of the gayest and most luxurious of cities—should have been placed at once upon terms of official equality with the most distinguished men of the nation, and still have maintained so entirely his dignity, so nearly his self-possession, and, without the slightest *gaucherie*, have so soon made his presence actively felt in the house, is almost beyond belief, and in itself furnishes a valuable index of his character.

On the fourteenth of November, 1838, Mr. Giddings set out on his journey to Washington, and on the day of his departure he opened a journal, which is full of interesting glimpses of his character, opinions and motives. He had never seen a railroad train, and his entry descriptive of the last stage of his journey, which was made by rail, is exceedingly *naïf* and interesting:

At 11 o'clock about one hundred and twenty passengers seated in three cars, carrying from forty to sixty passengers each, started upon the Baltimore & Ohio railroad for Washington. The cars are well carpeted, and the seats cushioned. We had also a stove in each car, which rendered them comfortably warm. Thus seated, some conversing in groups, others reading newspapers, and some from loss of sleep in traveling sleeping in their seats, we were swept along at the rate of fifteen miles per hour. At the usual hour our candles were lighted, and we presented the appearance of three drawing rooms filled with guests traveling by land. At about 7 o'clock we arrived at Washington City. The moment we stopped we were surrounded on every side with runners, porters, hackmen and servants—one calling to know if you would go to Brown's, another if you would take a hack, etc. They are a source of great annoyance which the police ought to prevent.

Arrived at Washington Mr. Giddings at once attended the caucus of the Whig party, and at the opening of the session took the oath of office. He intended for a time to be a looker on, but he was so immediately

and profoundly interested in the great questions of the day, that he had not been two weeks a member of the house before, as his journal shows us, he was ready to throw down the gauntlet to the powerful majority, incited to an act which few would have dared do, by his righteous indignation at the arbitrary and insolent bearing of the southern members, and the subservient and cringing meekness of their northern colleagues, whom John Randolph so aptly christened "doughfaces."

This extract from his diary so well illustrates his honesty, devotion and fearlessness, that I quote it at length. It is given under date of December 14, and is as follows:

It is a fact, which every man of observation must see by spending a few days in the representatives' hall, that there is a vast difference in the character of the members from the north and south. During this week every person present must have witnessed the high and important bearing of the southern men; their self-important airs, their overbearing manners, while the northern men, even on the subject of slavery, are diffident and forbearing. I have myself come to the honest conclusion that our northern friends are, in fact, afraid of these southern bullies. I have bestowed much thought upon the subject; I have made inquiry, and think we have no northern man who dare boldly and fearlessly declare his abhorrence of slavery and the slave trade. This kind of fear I never experienced, nor shall I submit to it now. When I came here I had no thought of participating in debate at all, but particularly I intended to keep silence this winter, but, since I have seen our northern friends so backward and delicate, I have determined to express my own views and declare my own sentiments, and risk the effects. For that purpose I have drawn up a resolution calling for information as to the slave trade in the District of Columbia, which, among other things, calls for a statement of the number of slaves who have murdered themselves within that district during the last five years, after being sold for foreign markets, and the number of children who have been murdered by their parents during said time, under the apprehension of immediate separation for sale at a foreign market, and the amount of revenue collected on sale of licenses to deal in human flesh and blood. I showed the resolutions to several friends, who advise me not to present them on two accounts: First, that it will enrage the southern members; secondly, that it will injure me at home. But I have determined to risk both, for I would rather lose my election at home than to suffer the insolence of these southerners here. Mr. Fletcher, of Boston, is the only man that consents to my presenting the resolutions. This morning a friend called on me to show me a scurrilous attack made upon me in the government newspaper to-day. I am in some doubt whether to call the public attention to it or not. However, it seems to render a full declaration of my sentiments more necessary and proper.

Had these words occurred in a stump speech, in conversation, or even in a private letter, their entire sincerity might well have been doubted, but if ever a man is honest it must be in his own diary, and this certainly seems not the utterance of a demagogue, but the solemn self-dedication which twenty years of Spartan battle against the allied foes of slavery so well vindicated.

Almost ten years later, on the fourth day of December, 1848, after meeting the daily temptation and demoralization of life in Congress long and constantly enough to have lost at least the freshness and sentiment of the *debutant*, he wrote in his journal:

News from Columbus shows that our friends, the Freesoilers, are separating from each other. Mr. — writes me that he shall attend no more Freesoil meetings, and seems to think that the party will, of course, dissolve into its original elements in consequence of his leaving it. I am disgusted with the vanity and want of principle that characterize all his thoughts. Men appear to think of nothing, talk of nothing, and act with no purpose but that of party. Attempts are made to get me to go into the Whig party in order to secure an election to the senate. Thank God, I have never for one moment entertained the desire of such an election at the sacrifice of principle.

The resolutions referred to in the journal entry first above given, were not introduced at that time for lack of the floor, and it was well along in the session before it was possible to make the attempt, which failed by reason of the adverse and unfair ruling of the speaker, made under the famous Atherton gag rule, which declared that all petitions on the subject of slavery be laid upon the table without reading, reference or debate. This was only an additional incentive to Giddings, who, with John Quincy Adams, had begun a relentless warfare upon the Atherton rule, with the final result, five years later, of securing its abrogation.

Mr. Giddings made his first set speech on the fifth day of January, and created no small sensation by his severe excoriation of a leading member of the Whig party for a lack of parliamentary courtesy. On the fourth day of February he made a desperate effort to force a petition for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia before the house, and very cleverly succeeded in quite fully outlining his position upon the subject of slavery.

On the seventh day of the same month, Henry Clay, then a United States senator and a candidate for the presidency, made in the senate one of his famous and fatal speeches of policy, in which he declared that congress had no right to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia unless it were necessary for the accommodation of congress or the benefit of the people of the district. Giddings at once wrote Clay, asking him if such abolition would not be justified "when no other reason existed for it than mere benevolence to the human family."

Every effort was made by the friends of Mr. Clay to induce Mr. Giddings to withdraw his note. In conversation upon the floor of the house the latter stated that he had regarded the speech as indiscreet and imprudent. Being charged, by a friend of Mr. Clay, with showing great assurance in criticising such a man, Mr. Giddings retorted that he would not allow Mr. Clay, or any other man, to ridicule and misrepresent his constituents, and that he would take the earliest opportunity to disabuse the public mind of the false impression conveyed. The result was that Mr. Clay, having called once in the house to see Mr. Giddings and failed

to find him, came again, said that he had made the speech at the request and with the advice of northern Whigs, and that he thought its declarations were sufficient to cover the question conveyed in Mr. Giddings' note. The latter disagreed with this and the gentlemen parted coldly, Mr. Clay having lost a most valued adherent. It is stated that, as a result of this note, the Kentucky senator modified his speech very essentially for publication.

On Friday, the twelfth of February, Mr. Giddings took his most important step of the session. A bill was introduced in the house providing for the appropriation of \$30,000 to build a bridge over the Anacosta river. There had, on the same day, come a petition from citizens of the District of Columbia, praying that no notice be taken of the thousands of anti-slavery petitions which had been presented to the house, denouncing them as "seditious memorials," and their authors as "fanatics," and praying that such petitions be not even received. This gave Mr. Giddings excuse and opportunity for doing what he had long wished—striking a blow at slavery in the district. Hence he moved to strike out the enacting clause of the bill, and gave his reasons, which were, in effect, that the existence of slavery in the District of Columbia, the institution being unrecognized by the constitution, might compel the removal of the capital of the United States elsewhere; and that such an expense as was involved in the building of the bridge was hence undesirable. Giddings says of the speech, which involved a terrific arraignment of slavery and the slave party:

After I had spoken a few moments, Mr. Howard said he would call me to order. I demanded the question to be reduced to writing. The chair decided that I had the right to have it so reduced, and from this decision Mr. Howard appealed. Much debate and confusion followed, several members speaking at the same time, each calling the other to order, and each insisting that he was right. Much excitement prevailed, and the house became a scene of perfect confusion and uproar. Some appeared to enjoy this much; among these the venerable ex-President laughed most heartily, and, coming to my seat, advised me to insist upon my rights; not be intimidated by the course taken by the southern men. This confusion lasted about one hour, and, as I suppose, for the purpose of restoring order, the chairman, without taking the vote of the committee on the appeal, decided that I was out of order. . . . A vote was then taken on my motion, and carried, the enacting clause of the bill being stricken out.

These are but a few of the episodes of Giddings' first year in congress, and these would not have been so fully stated but for the peculiarly graphic words of the diary for that year, and the additional fact that they fixed his position once and for all as an anti-slavery man, earned him bitter hatred and entire ostracism from all of both parties in the south and from many northern Whigs and Democrats, and the confidence and

affection of friends of freedom in the north. Still more important, if possible, it won him the esteem and mentorship of John Quincy Adams, who was ever afterwards his friend, and whose mantle fell upon his shoulders. If incidents were multiplied a hundred times and every year of all the twenty of his service reviewed, the effect would not be in the slightest degree altered. What we see of Giddings in his first year he was in his last—bold, determined, fearless, saying and doing little save when the subject of slavery arose—then always on his feet; a devotee—ready to be a martyr, but not a fanatic.

The most significant of all the years passed by Mr. Giddings in congress was 1842. The interval between his qualification in 1838 and that year was sufficiently stormy. Every day of his service during the unexpired portion of the twenty-fifth congress and the whole of the twenty-sixth, served to bring him more prominently before the people as an anti-slavery man, and bring down upon him more and more bitterly the hatred of the slaveocrats in and out of congress. The cause of freedom in the national legislature was then almost wholly sustained by four men—Adams, Slade, Giddings and Gates. These four members were made the subject of abuse which, at this day, seems almost beyond belief.

The friends of slavery were united in congress and at the polls; they commanded splendid legislative ability, which was supplemented by the toadyism, cowardice and indifference of the north, until they controlled a majority upon every question involving their cherished institution. Every northern man who surrendered to them, they used, patronized and despised; such as refused subservience, they strove to silence by fair means or foul. They swaggered in the halls of legislation with pistols, bowie-knives and canes—ready to piece out argument with violence and murder; they goaded sensitive men to anger—then killed them in duels; they sought to crush out free speech and the right of petition, and to make the councils of the American people pander to their lust for power, wealth and ease.

The general policy of the anti-slavery members was to fight the Ather-ton gag rule by devising every possible means of evading it. In the committee of the whole most commonly, though frequently during the regular session of the house, they managed by one means and another to present to that body every conceivable form of petition and memorial directed against slavery.

In January, 1842, Mr. Adams presented such a petition from citizens of Haverhill, Massachusetts, praying for the dissolution of the Union "on the ground of the great inequality of benefits enjoyed by the different sections." This he moved be referred to a select committee, with instructions to report the reasons why its prayer should not be granted.

For this a Kentucky member moved a vote of censure against Mr. Adams. A motion to lay this resolution on the table was defeated by the aid of Mr. Adams' vote, and was followed by a debate which continued from the twenty-fourth of January until May 7, 1842. During this debate Mr. Adams made one of the most remarkable speeches of his life; and Giddings, Slade and Gates were the only members who consistently supported him to a final victory.

Soon after this, Mr. Giddings presented a petition of citizens of Austinburg, Ohio, praying for an amicable division of the Union, separating free from slave states. For this offense he was bitterly attacked, and a futile effort was made to secure the passing of a resolution by which the introduction of such a resolution to the house should thereafter, *ipso facto*, constitute such an act of disrespect as to subject a member to censure.

It seemed, however, that Mr. Giddings was not to escape the censure of the house for a length of time. During the winter of 1842 there came up again a familiar question of international law between Great Britain and the United States. The brig *Creole* sailed from Hampton Roads for New Orleans, with a cargo of slaves; these arose upon the crew, compelled the vessel to sail to Nassau, and landed free men. Mr. Webster made the paradoxical demand of England, that the negroes be delivered up "as mutineers and murderers, and the recognized property of citizens of the United States." This Great Britain refused to do, holding that property in human beings was not recognized in international law, and that the negroes were not murderers, as they were justified in killing their captors. Mr. Giddings arose in his place on the twenty-first of March and presented a series of resolutions which declared, in effect: that prior to the adoption of the constitution the several states had complete power over slavery within their own borders, and surrendered none of it to the Federal government by the adoption of the constitution; that they did surrender to the general government all power on the high seas; that slavery, being an abridgment of human rights, existed by force of human law and must hence be confined to the jurisdiction of the state which created it; that

a ship which leaves the waters of the state and enters the high seas, ceases to be under the laws of that state, but is, with the persons on board, under the laws of the United States; that when the Creole left the jurisdiction of Virginia, the slave laws of that state ceased to be of force over the persons aboard; that when such persons asserted their personal rights, they violated no laws of the United States, and all attempts to reenslave them were unwarranted by the constitution and laws of the United States, and incompatible with national honor; that all attempts to place the coast slave trade under the protection of the government, were subversive of the rights of the people of the free states, injurious to their feelings, unauthorized by the constitution and prejudicial to the national character.

I have given considerable epitome of these resolutions as much because they embody the boldest and most fearless blow ever struck in congress at the institution of slavery up to that time, as that they so well illustrate how outspoken was Mr. Giddings, yet how careful to ground every effort upon tenable premises and keep strictly within the line of constitutional law.

The presentation of these resolutions was followed by the wildest confusion, and Mr. Giddings was personally menaced by a number of members. Dawson of Georgia, rising in his place, cried, "D—m him! I'll shoot him!" Holmes of South Carolina, began a speech with the words: "Certain topics, like certain places, are sacred; 'Fools rush in where wise men fear to tread,'" but got no farther.

Finally, when order was restored, after a number of condemnatory speeches from northern and southern members alike, Mr. Botts of Virginia, drew, and Mr. Weller of Ohio, offered resolutions severely censuring Mr. Giddings. The accused member asked two weeks to prepare a defense; it was denied him, and he was offered a defense upon condition that he make it at once. This condition he at first indignantly refused to accept, but, urged by his friends, at last rose in his place and said: "Mr. speaker, I stand before the house in a peculiar position"—when he was cut off by an objection.

Mr. Giddings immediately withdrew, and the resolutions of censure were adopted. The same day he sent to the *Intelligencer* the following, his intended speech:

Mr. Speaker:—I stand before the house in a peculiar situation. It is proposed to pass a vote of censure upon me, substantially for the reason that I differ in opinion from the majority of the members.

The vote is about to be taken without giving me time to be heard. It would be idle for me to say that I am ignorant of the disposition of the majority to pass the resolution. I have been violently assailed in a personal manner, but have had no opportunity of being heard in reply. I do not now stand here to ask any favor or to crave any mercy at the hands of the members. But, in the name of an insulted constituency—in behalf of one of the sovereign states of the Union, in behalf of these states and the Federal constitution—I demand a hearing, agreeable to the rights guaranteed to me, and in the ordinary mode of proceedings. I accept no other privilege. I will receive no other courtesy.

The happiness of the advocates of slavery, in and out of congress, already great at the humiliation of their fearless enemy, was increased by his resignation, which followed as a matter of course. He returned to Ohio, and was received, not as a punished wrong-doer, but as a champion who had maintained his cause in the lists against a multitude of opponents, and deserved the praise, the encouragement and the vindication of his constituents. At every town through which he passed he was received with every demonstration of approval, and when on the twenty-sixth of April, 1842, occurred the special election to fill the vacancy caused by his resignation, he was reelected in the face of a Democratic nomination by a majority of 3,500, and again took the oath of office May 5, 1842.

I have been betrayed into far more particularization than the original intent of this paper comprehended. My aim was to show what manner of man the then sixteenth congressional district sent to the house of representatives in those troublous times; how the constituency supported him, and how fully justified was its confidence. Further evidence in the matter would be simply cumulative and is scarcely necessary—an enumeration must suffice. From 1842 until 1858 Mr. Giddings fought the fight against the extension and constitutional recognition of slavery, in season and out of season, waging, as one of so small a minority must do, a guerilla rather than an organized warfare upon the slave power. His object was two-fold—to cripple his powerful opponents whenever they made an aggressive movement and to strengthen himself in the rear by exciting interest and drawing recruits to the cause. To the latter end he applied, in addition to his congressional speeches, the agencies of the stump, the rostrum and the press. Through the last named medium he disseminated his "Pacifcus Papers," embodying in terse form a series of arguments in the line of the Creole resolutions, which furnished the first distinct creed to the liberty element of the north. In congress he fought for years almost single handed; later, shoulder to shoulder with the growing number of anti-slavery members, the fight that ended February 4, 1856, with the election of Nathaniel P. Banks, a Freesoiler, to the speakership of the house.

He fought the base outrages of Texan annexation and the Mexican war, seeing the deep plan behind them and being one of the framers of the famous anti-Texas address of the twenty members of congress to the people of the free states. He fought the slavery movement directed toward California and New Mexico, the abrogation of the Missouri compromise, the Kansas and Nebraska scoundrelism, and, in fact, wherever any one of the hydra heads of slavery appeared, he had a crushing blow to give it.

Party was nothing to him, save as it served the one great end to which his life was devoted. He was in turn Whig, Freesoiler, Republican, and would have been Democrat had his judgment so directed. Though one of the founders of the Republican party in 1856, he left its convention in 1860 because the resolutions reported said nothing against slavery, and only returned when the concession was made.

Early in 1857, he fell one day, in his place, stricken with heart disease. He did not die, as all thought he would, at once, but rallied, and, in a measure, recovered. He served the session out; his friends in Ohio thought nothing human more certain than his renomination; he neither cared for it, nor made any effort to secure it. He was old in years, weary with service, and shattered in health. No one represented him at the convention, and a quietly but perfectly organized opposition defeated his nomination by one vote.

He seems to have left congress when his work was fully done, as he entered it to fill a place that was providentially awaiting him. Perhaps the change of tone and the change of issues, which came with secession and war, might have left the noble old leader an incumbrance upon the field; surely they could not have failed to bring him much sorrow and heaviness of heart.

In 1861 Lincoln offered Giddings the consul-generalship of Canada, which he accepted. At Montreal, performing diligently and well his consular duties, working upon his 'History of the Rebellion; Its Authors and Causes,' which while printed was never really published, he spent the remainder of his days, passing at last into the "undiscovered country," on the twenty-seventh day of May, 1864.

His contemporaries made estimates of him as various as were the conflicting interests of the day. Some called him a demagogue; some a fanatic. Some conceded his honesty but denied his sense; others admitted his shrewdness but would allow him no principle. What was he in

fact? Not a demagogue, for he chose for years the thorns and hunger of the wayside rather than the easy bed and sumptuous fare that sacrifice of what he believed to be truth would have earned him; not a fanatic, for, whatever others advocated or attempted, he worked strictly within the boundaries of right and of constitutional authority. When his heart was breaking with the pity and indignation that slavery excited in every just and generous man, he sorrowfully admitted that only Providence could open a way to abolition; that, under the constitution which he daily invoked, the Federal government had nothing to do with slavery in any state. His life work was defined by the determination that, as far as it lay in him to prevent it, slavery should not be perpetuated by the introduction of new slaves, or by the pollution of new territory, and that the Federal government should not be made to stand sponsor to its wrongs. He no more hesitated in 1844 in offending the Liberty party by refusing to support Birney, than he did four years later in supporting Van Buren against Taylor, and thus drawing down upon himself the anathemas of the Whigs. If he was a fanatic, then such is every man who prefers the right to the winning of wealth, ease, place and praise, at the sacrifice of principle.

WALTER BUELL.



John Heckewelder.

MAP AND DESCRIPTION OF NORTHEASTERN OHIO, BY
REV. JOHN HECKEWELDER, IN 1796.

Among the many manuscript treasures of the Historical Society at Cleveland is a description of northeastern Ohio, by Rev. John Heckewelder, the famous Moravian missionary, accompanied by a map also drawn by him. They were presented to the society by the daughter of General Moses Cleaveland.

Father Heckewelder was born in England in 1743. His father was born in Moravia, and went to England in 1734 as an exile in the service of the Moravian church.

When John was ten years old he accompanied his parents to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where was a Moravian Indian mission. There he went to

school and learned to be a cedar cooper. He desired to be an evangelist to the Indians, and, in 1762, accompanied Post to the Tuscarawas river, and began his labors near the present village of Bolivar, in the county in Ohio named from that stream. But Pontiac's war broke up the mission, and Heckewelder, like the evangelists of old, sometimes pursued his trade at Bethlehem and sometimes did mission service.

. In 1773 he settled the second time in the Muskingum valley. There were built Schönbrunn, Guadenhütten, Lichtenau and Salem, flourishing towns of Moravian civilized Christian Indians. There, in 1780, he married Sister Sarah Ohneburg, and this was no doubt the first marriage between white persons solemnized within the limits of the state of Ohio. Their eldest daughter, Johanna Maria,* was born in April, 1781, and for a long time was supposed to be the first white child born in Ohio.

When the Revolution came on, the too peaceful converts, being unwilling to join either side in the border warfare of the day, were suspected by both. In 1781 they were carried by the British, as prisoners of war, to Upper Sandusky. Eventually they were set at liberty, but not permitted to return to the Muskingum. That Heckewelder was a prisoner and compelled to settle near Detroit, was a double preservation of his life. The faithful Indians who returned to the Muskingum were most inhumanly massacred by Americans, and in the language of Johanna Heckewelder, "in one night a whole Indian congregation was translated from earth to heaven." An expedition followed on to Upper Sandusky to kill the balance of the praying Indians, but the second removal had taken place, and a new Guadenhütten had been founded near Detroit.

In 1786 they returned and settled on the Cuyahoga river at Pilgerruh (Pilgrim's Rest), which place Heckewelder left October 8, 1786, as appears by his manuscript here printed. He returned to Bethlehem, where this manuscript was written.

He still led an active, useful and honorable life, and in 1801 settled for the fourth time in Ohio, at Guadenhütten. He lived here nine years, having superintendence of 12,000 acres of land, granted by congress to the Moravians, and acting as postmaster, justice, and judge of common pleas.

In 1812 he returned again to Bethlehem. Says his biographer: "In the beautiful graveyard of Bethlehem, where rests so many a child of the forest, the red men's faithful friend is buried, and over his grave a marble

* Her own very interesting biography is elsewhere published in this number of the Magazine.

slab bears this simple inscription: 'In memory of John Heckewelder, who was born March 12, 1743, in Bedford, England, and departed this life January 31, 1824.' " Mr. Heckewelder explains his map in the following language, which is given *verbatim et literatim*:

DESCRIPTION OF THAT PART OF THE WESTERN COUNTRY COMPREHENDED IN MY MAP; WITH
REMARKS ON CERTAIN PARTICULAR SPOTS &c.

Altho the country in general containeth both arable Land & good Pasturage: yet there are particular Spots *far* preferable to others: not only on account of the Land being here superior in quality: but also on account of the many advantages presenting themselves.

As the first place of utility between the Pennsylvania Line: (yea I may say between Presq' Isle) and Cujahaga; & in an East and West course as the dividing Ridge runs between the Rivers which empty into the Lake Erie; & those Rivers or Creeks which empty into the Ohio: (& which Ridge I suppose runs nearly Paralell with this Lake, & is nearly or about 50 miles distant from the same): Cujahaga certainly stands foremost; & that for the following reasons.

- 1) because it admits small Slopes into its mouth from the Lake, and affords them a good Harbour.
- 2) because it is Navigable at all times with Canoes to the Falls, a distance of upwards of 60 Miles by Water—and with Boats at some Seasons of the Year to that place—and may without any great Expense be made Navigable for Boats that distance at all times.
- 3) because there is the best prospect of Water communication from Lake Erie into the Ohio, by way of Cujahaga & Muskingum Rivers; The carrying place being the shortest of all carrying places, which interlock with each other, & at most not above 4 miles.
- 4) because of the Fishery which may be erected at its mouth, a place to which the White Fish of the Lake resort in the Spring, in order to spawn.
- 5) because there is a great deal of Land of the first Quality on this River.
- 6) because not only the River itself, has a clear & lively current, but all Waters & Springs emptying in the same, prove by their clearness & current, that it must be a healthy Country in general.
- 7) because one principle Land Road, not only from the allegheny River and French Creek: but also from Pittsburg will pass thro that Country to Detroit, it being by far the most level Land path to that place.

I will now endeavor to give an account of the Quality of the Soil of this Country: and will begin with the Land on the Cujahaga River itself.

Next to the Lake the Lands in general lay in this part of the Country, pretty high, (say from 30 to 60 feet high) except where there is an opening by a River or Stream. These banks are generally pretty level on the top, & continue so to a great distance into the Country. The Soil is good and the Land well Timbered either with Oaks & Hickory, or with lofty Chestnuts.

On the Cujahaga River are, I verily believe, as Rich Bottoms, or intervals, as in any part of the Western Country. The Timber in these are either Black Walnut, or White Thorn Trees, intermixed with various other Trees as Cherry, Mulberry, &c. The ground entirely covered with high Nettles.

In such Bottoms, somewhat inferior to the above, the Timber is principally lofty Oaks, Poplar, or Tulip tree, Elm, Hickory, Sugar Maple yet intermixed with Black Walnut, Cherry, Mulberry, Grape Vines, White Thorn, Haw-bush &c &c Ash &c Wild Hops of an excellent quality grow also plentifully on this River.

The richest Land on this River lieth from where the road crosseth at the old Town downwards. Within 8 or 10 miles of the Lake the Bottoms are but small, yet the Land rich, from here upwards they are larger & richer. At the old Moravian Town as marked on my Map, they are exceedingly rich, Some low bottoms are covered with very lofty Sycamore Trees.

The land adjoining those Bottoms within 10 or 15 Miles of the Lake, is generally ridgy, yet level & good on the top, excellently Timbered. Thro' these ridges run numbers of small Streams, & sometimes large Brooks; the water always clear and with a brisk current.

I have traced small Streams to their Sources, where I have found a variety of excellent Springs lying off in various directions. (see the run at the Moravian Town).

From these Lands upwards towards the old Town, & along the path towards the Salt Spring : the Country is in general pretty level ; just so much broken as to give the Water liberty to pass gently off.

There is a remarkable fine Situation for a town, at the old Cujahaga Town ; & there can be no doubt of a large Trading Town being established here, as both a Road to Sandusky & Detroit crosses here : as also the carrying place between the two Rivers Cujahaga & Muskingum must be at this place.

Some miles above this Old Town there is a fall in the River. The Rock which runs across may be about between 20 & 30 feet high. No Fish can ascend higher up, or get over this Fall, tho there are Fish above it. Just under the Falls the Fish crowd together in vast numbers, & may be taken here the whole year round. At the more Easterly Crossing of this River as the path runs ; (the distance of which I do not exactly recollect, but think it between 15 & 20 miles) there is a most remarkable large Square Rock in the Middle of the Stream, which may at a future day, well answer the Pier of a Bridge. (see A this mark on the map) at this place there is a pretty large Plain on the Northwest Side of the River—and in several other places in this Country there are similar Plains or Flatts. On these the Land is rather thin in comparison to the other ; yet not so that it would not bear good Grain.

There are also some Swamps in this Country, yet I have not seen one, which might not be cultivated, and make good Meadows.

Here and there I observed small groves of Pine, but never went to see of what kind they were. I supposed them only to border on some small Lake or Pond.

There are some beautiful small Lakes in this Country, with water as clear as Chrystall, & alive with Fish. In these Lakes as well as in Cujahaga River Water Fowl resort in abundance in Spring & Fall.

Between the head Waters of Beaver Creek & the head Waters of Cujahaga, the Country is rather more broken, yet not too much for tillage. The Land is good.

From the big Deer Lick on Beaver Creek to the Salt Springs (a distance of about 16 miles) the Country is rather of a colder Nature ; but thinly Timbered, & much of a wet Clay ground. A comp'y of gentlemen have obtained some Years ago a Title to this Tract of Country comprehending the Salt Spring.

I cannot leave Cujahaga without mentioning one Circumstance, viz. That when I left the Moravian Town on that River which was the Eighth day of October 1786, we had not then had one Frost yet, whereas all the Weeds & bushes had been killed by the Frost some Weeks before, on the dividing Ridge. Ind'n Corn, this year planted at the above mentioned place on the 20th day of June ripened before the Frost set in.

The Cujahaga Country abounds in Game, such as Elk, Deer, Turkey, Raccoons &c In the Year 1785, a Trader purchased 23 Horsesload of Peltry, from the few Indians then Hunting on this River—

Of the Country to the Southward of Cujahaga & between the dividing Ridge & Tuscarawas, where the line strikes across, I cannot give a precise description, having only seen this country in part, yet what I have seen has been pretty generally good, except it be some barren Plains, and large Cranberry grounds. Otherwise off the River, and on the path from thence to Mahoning Old Towns, I saw vast bodies of very rich Upland, well Timbered, sometimes level Land, & then broken, especially the latter on the head Waters of the Beaver Creek towards Mahony.

From Tuscarawas Northerly for 12 or 15 Miles I thought the Land very good, & I observed extensive Meadows on the Banks of the Muskingum. But I think near the dividing Ridge the Country is rather Colder. The Country is in some places off the River interspersed with round Nobs or Hills, with short yet thick Trees upon them. The water of this Country is also clear & good.

I will insert the description the late Geographer to the United States gives to this part of the Country, copied from a Pamphlet he had printed in London in the Year 1778, which runs thus :

"The Muskingum is Navigable with large Batteaux or Barges to three Legs and by small ones to a Lake at its head. From thence, (namely from three Legs) to Cujahaga, (the Creek that leads to Lake Erie) the Muskingum is muddy, and not very swift, but no where obstructed with Falls or Riffs. Here are fine uplands, extensive Meadows, Oak and Mulberry Trees fit for Ship building, and Walnut, Chestnut, & Poplar Trees suitable for domestic service—Cujahaga furnishes the best portage between Ohio and Lake Erie : at its mouth it is wide enough to receive large Sloops from the Lake. It will hereafter be a place of great importance."

JOHN HECKEWELDER.

Bethlehem Jany. 12th 1795

MR. JOHN MCNAIR ESQR.

A DESCRIPTION OF CAMPUS MARTIUS.

Some precaution was deemed necessary by the first settlers at Marietta, to insure safety in case of the manifestations of Indian hostility. The fortification known as Campus Martius (military camp) arose as an expression of this fear, as an evidence of the isolation of the colony and a tangible reminder of its danger. Little did the builders of that defense apprehend the hardships, perils and atrocities of which its picture reminds their descendants of to-day. General Putnam had suspended the survey about the middle of May, because of the uncertainty of the Indians remaining at peace, but it was resumed and carried on with little opposition—and that not because of hostilities—through the season and, in fact, through the year 1788. Preparations for a treaty had been made soon after the landing of the pioneers, but it was not finally negotiated until the beginning of 1789. Several times during the summer Captain Pipe of the Delaware tribe and other chiefs and warriors visited Fort Harmar and the little settlement on the east side of the Muskingum. They had dined with General Putnam in his marquee and made great professions of friendship, but had expressed displeasure at the building of houses and planting of crops before the making of a treaty.

Taking into consideration the feeling that existed among the Indians, the Ohio company decided to carry out a plan which would give the settlers protection in case it was needed. The first measure taken toward this work was the cutting of a road through the woods from "the point" where most of the houses were built, to the site which was selected for the stockade, which was a mile away, up the Muskingum. The ground was well chosen. It was the margin of the plain which had once been the bank of the Muskingum. On either side there were small ravines; in the rear stretched the smooth and gently rising plain, and in the front there was a somewhat abrupt descent to the lowest river terrace, which, about one hundred and fifty yards distant, was washed by the Muskingum. The location is best described to those not familiar with it by the statement that it is bounded by Washington and Second streets, in Marietta, respectively upon the south and east. Here in the form of a parallelogram, the sides of

which measured one hundred and eighty feet each, was built the stockade which for five years was to be the dwelling-place and refuge of a large portion of the Ohio company's colony. The sides were formed of continuous lines of dwelling houses two stories in height. They were constructed of timber four inches thick, sawed by hand, and fitted together at the corners in the same manner as those of a hewed log house. At the corners were block-houses, solidly made and of quite imposing appearance. They were a trifle higher than the houses which formed the sides of the fort, were covered with shapely four square roofs, three of which were surmounted at the apexes with towers intended to be used as sentry boxes, large enough to accommodate four men each. On the fourth there was a tower very similar to the others, but capped with a cupola for the reception of a bell, "which," says a letter writer of the period, "we are told is coming on as a present from a gentleman in Boston."*

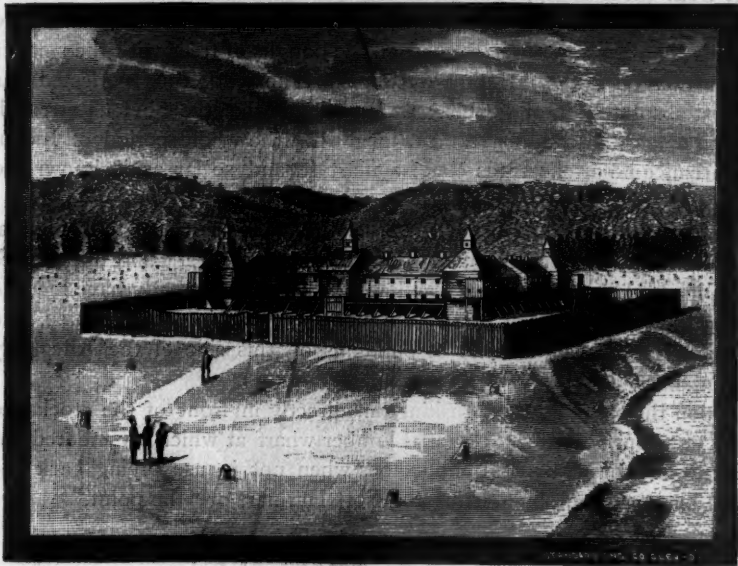
The block-house projected six feet beyond the sides of the stockade. They were twenty feet square at the ground, and the second story of each projected two feet over the lower. Heavy gates were hung at the entrances in the south and west fronts, and over that in the latter (toward the Muskingum) was a house of logs or hewed timber, projecting like the second floors of the corner block-houses. This was intended for the protection of the gate in case of an attack. The watch-towers were found inconvenient of access after the Indian war broke out, and small, square bastions were built at each angle of the stockade for the accommodation of the sentries. In those at the southwest and northwest angles small cannon were placed. In addition to the two rows of windows along the sides of the fort, the walls were pierced with loop-holes for musketry. The houses were nearly all provided with good brick chimneys, the brick being made upon the ground and burned by men experienced in that line of industry. Good shingle roofs afforded a protection from the weather. Shingle-making was then a difficult and slow work. They were split from blocks about two and a half feet long, and sloped with the ax, and at the end exposed to the weather were nearly or perhaps quite an inch thick. Several of the houses included in Campus Martius were built at

*In the MS. journal of the Ohio company appears the following entry:

Upon information from Colonel May that Mr. Joseph May, of Boston, had presented a bell to the Ohio company for the first public building to be erected in the territory of the company, and such building ordered by the agents,

Resolved, That the thanks of the company be presented to that gentleman, and the directors be requested to take measures for transferring it from Boston to the Muskingum.

private expense, and were finished in detail as the owner's fancy dictated, but all conformed in general design to the plan by the superintendent and considered most advantageous to the general good. There were seventy-two rooms of eighteen feet square and upwards in this work of defense, and it was estimated that when necessity required nearly nine hundred people could be shielded from an enemy in the enclosure.



CAMPUS MARTIUS IN 1791.

As a basis of this estimate it is supposed that twelve persons should occupy a room. Campus Martius, however, never contained half as many people as the number mentioned. In the centre of the enclosure, which measured one hundred and forty-four feet each way, a well eighty feet deep (which still remains in use) was dug to supply water in the event of a siege. Near the well was placed a large sundial made by Major Anselm Tupper, which marked the flight of time—slow albeit—through all the Indian war, and was kept for many years as an interesting relic of the pioneers.

Although the greater part of the work of building Campus Martius was

accomplished during the first year of the settlement, and in fact much of it by August, the details of the defense were not completed until the Indian war broke out in earnest in 1791. The illustration represents it at that time in its unfinished state. Rows of palings were planted from corner to corner of the block-houses, sloping outward at an angle of forty-five degrees, and supported by posts and railing. At a distance of twenty feet from these sharp, raking pickets, and surrounding the entire work, was a line of heavy palings eight or ten feet in height; and again outside of this there was an *abatis* formed of the boughs of trees with the smaller limbs pointed and projecting outwards. The work thus perfected was almost absolutely impregnable. It is probable that the obvious strength of the defense discouraged attack, for during the whole period of Indian disturbance no attempt was made against it, and so far as is known no plan ever formed for an assault.

Campus Martius, judging from the picture of it (which is in all essential matters historically correct), must have presented a striking appearance with its background of fields and wooded hills, and really have merited the enthusiastic words of one of the pioneers, who, in writing home, said it was "the handsomest pile of buildings on this side of the Alleghany mountains."

Upon the shore of the Muskingum, directly in front of the stockaded fort, was constructed a substantial lumber wharf at which lay moored the *Mayflower*, the lesser craft and canoes when not in use plying back and forth between Campus Martius and Fort Harmar, or "the point."

ALFRED MATHEWS





Johanna Maria Hechenwelder.

FIRST WHITE CHILD IN OHIO.*

The earliest known occupation of the territory now embraced within the limits of the state of Ohio, by any collective body of white men, was by the French in 1680. From that time until the conquest of Canada by the English, French traders were scattered throughout the territory, having a post, station or "store" at almost every Indian town.

English traders first made their appearance in the Ohio country in 1699—1700. From that time until 1745, we frequently hear of them at

* Written by the late A. T. Goodman in 1871 for the Western Reserve and Northern Ohio Historical Society.

various towns and stations. In 1745 they built a small fort or block house among the Hurons, on the north side of Sandusky bay. In 1748 they were driven off by a party of French soldiers from Detroit. Prior to 1763 the English in Ohio were very few in comparison to the French. Up to the period of the American revolution thousands of French and English traders had passed into the Ohio country. It is impossible to determine how many lived there at any one time. At some villages there were but one or two traders, at others ten, twenty, and sometimes as many as fifty. For the most part the traders were married to squaws and had children by them. In rare cases, white women accompanied their husbands on trading excursions, which generally lasted for months. This was because the savages preferred to trade and barter with those connected with their people by marriage. We have heard of but two instances where traders had white wives living with them in Indian villages.* We have no information that would throw light upon the object of this paper (which is to ascertain, if possible, the date of birth of the first white child born in Ohio) from any of the French or English occupants of Ohio prior to the peace of 1763. White children were doubtless born unto some of the many traders in Ohio before 1763, and yet there is no evidence that such was the fact. It is possible that among the French, English or Canadian archives there may be records that would enlighten us upon the subject, but nothing has appeared thus far.

The information we possess is so meagre, and perhaps unsatisfactory, that the object of the query, "Who was the first white child born in Ohio?" may still remain as heretofore, "a simple matter of conjecture,"

* These were a man named — Henry (brother of Judge Henry, of Lancaster, Pa.), who was domiciled on the Scioto, at a Shawnese village called "Chelokraty," and Richard Conner, a Maryland trader, who lived on the Scioto at Pickaway. Both these men exercised great influence among the Shawnese. Mr. Henry was living among them as early as 1768, and married a white woman, who, when a child, had been taken captive. We do not know whether they had children born to them in Ohio, but it is likely they did, for Henry continued on the Scioto for many years, and amassed a fortune there.

In 1770, Mr. Conner, who had lived among the western Indians as a trader for years, married a young white woman, captive among the Shawnese at Pickaway. In 1771 a male child was born unto them. It is impossible to state at what place, though in all probability the birth occurred at Pickaway on the Scioto. In 1774, agreeably to the treaty of Fort Pitt, all whites residing among the Shawnese were delivered up at the post. Among these were Mr. Conner and wife, but the Shawnese held back their son. The same year Mr. and Mrs. Conner went to reside with the Moravians at Shoenbrunn, Ohio. Mr. Conner having obtained permission from the American commandant at Pittsburgh, went to the Scioto in search of his son. He left Mrs. Conner at Shoenbrunn. In the spring he returned without his child, having made a fruitless search at the Shawnese towns. During the year 1776, Mr. Conner made a second search after his boy and finally found him, and succeeded in purchasing his ransom. Mrs. Conner afterwards had children at Shoenbrunn, though we are without dates.

but we hope that this paper will be the "opening wedge" for others on the subject more clear, comprehensive and decisive.*

For many years, indeed until recently, it has been generally stated and believed that Miss Johanna Maria Heckewelder was the first white child who saw the light of heaven in Ohio. That belief made Miss H. the object of unusual attentions; visitors from all parts of the country resorted to her residence to see and converse with the *first* white child born in the wilderness of Ohio. Historians sought her acquaintance, antiquarians her photograph and autograph, learned societies her correspondence through complimentary memberships, in fact everybody who knew her history honored and respected "Aunt Polly Heckewelder," as she was familiarly called at Bethlehem, where she lived and died. Until the year 1848 Miss Heckewelder's claim remained undisturbed; that is to say, no one publicly denied her right to appear in the role of the "first white child." Mr. Howe, in his 'Historical Collections of Ohio,' first put a doubt on her claim, in a brief statement of the birth of a Frenchman, named Millehomme, which we shall notice hereafter. At a later period the investigations of Judge Blickensderfer, of Tuscarawas county, Ohio, and Rev. Edmund De Schweinitz, bishop of the Moravian church, among the archives of the early mission station at Guadenhütten, revealed the interesting fact that a white child named Roth, son of a missionary, had been born there nearly eight years before Miss Heckewelder's birth at Salem.

The birth of Roth occurred one year before that of the Frenchman, Millehomme, mentioned by Howe. Here, therefore, are two instances of the birth of white children prior to Miss Heckewelder. These are all the cases we have, except one occurring in 1764, which is deserving of attention and investigation.

We have already stated that no *known* white child was born in Ohio before the close of the French and English war (1763). The information we have of the birth of one during the year 1764 is perhaps not definite enough for acceptance by the historical reader and critic, but we have gathered in the facts, such as they are, and place them upon record in connection with the other statements on the subject. But we think there is

*Since the date of Mr. Goodman's paper, the Hon. R. M. Stimson, of Marietta, Ohio, has put himself in communication with the descendants of Conner, who live at Connersville, Indiana. C. M. Michener, Esq., of New Philadelphia, Ohio, has obtained evidence that there were children born of parents purely French, at Fort Junundat, on the south side of Sandusky bay, prior to 1754.

reasonable ground for asserting that the first known birth of a white child occurring within the limits of Ohio, was that belonging to a white woman from Virginia, who had been taken prisoner by the Delawares in April, 1764. This woman was, at the time of her capture, far advanced in pregnancy, and during the month of July, 1764, gave birth to a child at or near the Indian town of Wakatomaka, near the present site of Dresden, Muskingum county, Ohio. Let us examine into the matter:

When Colonel Bouquet advanced with his army into the Ohio country, in October, 1764, he was met by the principal chieftains of the Senecas, Delawares and Shawnese, who sued for peace. In answer to their overtures, Bouquet, who was a stern, fearless and resolute man, made a dignified reply. He said:

I give you twelve days from this date to deliver into my hands at Wakatomaka all prisoners in your possession without any exception—Englishmen, Frenchmen, women and children, whether adopted in your tribes, married or living amongst you under any denomination and pretence whatsoever, together with all negroes. And you are to furnish the said prisoners with clothing, provisions and horses to carry them to Fort Pitt. When you have fully complied with these conditions, you shall then know on what terms you may obtain the peace you sue for.

This bold answer made a profound impression upon the savages. An only alternative was left them—peace upon these conditions, or war. They judiciously resolved to give up the white and black captives under their control, and on the ninth of November brought to Bouquet's camp all the prisoners within the Ohio country, except a few held by a Shawnee tribe who were absent hunting. Those delivered numbered 206: Virginians—males, 32; females and children, 58. Pennsylvanians—male, 49; females and children, 67.

Among the Virginians was the white woman and her child heretofore alluded to. Her situation is thus noticed in the 'History of Bouquet's Expedition,' page 79:

Among the captives a woman was brought into the camp at Muskingum, with a babe about three months old at her breast. One of the Virginia volunteers soon knew her to be his wife, who had been taken by the Indians six months before. She was soon delivered to her overjoyed husband, who flew with her to his tent, and clothed her and his child in proper apparel. But their joy, after the first transports, was soon dampened by the reflection that another dear child of about two years old, captured with the mother, and separated from her, was still missing, although many children had been brought in. A few days afterwards, a number of other prisoners were brought to the camp, among whom were several more children. The woman was sent for and one supposed to be hers was produced for her. At first sight she was uncertain, but viewing the child with great earnestness, she soon recollected its features, and was so overcome with joy that, literally forgetting her sucking child, she dropped it from her arms, and catching up the new found child, in an ecstasy, pressed it to her breast, bursting into tears, and carried it off, unable to speak for joy. The father seizing up the babe she had let fall, followed her in no less transport and affection.

But it may be said, "The Moravians had settled at Bolivar in 1761, and children may have been born unto them." This inquiry is easily answered. Prior to 1764 there were but two white Moravians in Ohio, Heckewelder and Post. Heckewelder did not marry until 1780, and Post was married to an Indian squaw. Add to this the fact that there were no white women in the Moravian settlement prior to the year 1764, and we think the answer is complete. If any white children, either French, English or American, were born within the limits of Ohio before the year 1764, we have been unable to find evidences of the fact. We think, therefore, we are safe in stating that the child of the Virginia captive, born in 1764, was the first *known* white child born in Ohio.

In 1772, John George Jungman and wife arrived at Shönbrunn, Ohio, from Bethlehem, Pa. Jungman was a Moravian missionary, and his wife was the first married white woman who came west among the Christian Indians.

In April, 1773, John Roth and wife reached Guadenhütten, Ohio. Roth was also a missionary, sent out by the Moravian church. Nearly three months after her arrival, Mrs. Roth gave birth to a son at Guadenhütten, who was named John Lewis Roth. His birth occurred on the fourth of July, 1773, and he was baptized on the fifth, by the Rev. David Zeisberger.

In the life of Zeisberger, by Bishop DeSchweintz, will be found an interesting biographical notice of John Lewis Roth, as well as sketches of his father and mother.

When John Lewis was one month old, August 1773, his parents removed from Guadenhütten to Shönbrunn. At that place Mr. Roth labored for nearly a year with marked success. His converts were many, which filled his heart with great joy and gratitude to God. It was at this time that Dunmore's war broke out. The Christian Indians were threatened, the missionaries' lives were despaired of, the entire destruction of all the Moravian towns was daily looked for. In this trying moment Zeisberger commended Roth to return to Pennsylvania with his family. This advice was followed. Mr. and Mrs. Roth reached Bethlehem in June, 1774, when their infant son, John Lewis, was less than a year old. Mr. Roth continued in the service of the Moravian church many years, being successfully employed at Mount Joy, York, Emmaus and Hebron, Pa. He died at York, July 22, 1790. Mrs. Roth died at Nazareth, February 25, 1805.

John Lewis Roth, whom Bishop DeSchweintz and Judge Blickensderfer

claim to have been the first white child born in Ohio, was educated at Nazareth hall, Bethlehem, Pa. At an early age he married and settled on a farm near Nazareth, Pa., where he lived until his sixty-third year. In 1836 he removed to Bath, Pa., and while residing there joined the Lutheran church, of which the Rev. A. Fuchs was pastor. Mr. Roth was an exemplary Christian, and brought up his children in the love and fear of God. He died September 25, 1841, and is buried in the cemetery at Bath, where a small marble tombstone bears this inscription:

Zum Andenken an Ludwig Roth, geboren 4th Juli, 1773. Gestorben, 25th September, 1841, Alter 68 Jahre, 2 M, 21 Tage.

The village of Guadenhütten, where Mr. Roth was born, was situated on the Tuscarawas river, in Clay township, Tuscarawas county, Ohio, not far from the outskirts of the present town of Guadenhütten. It was there that the horrible massacre of Christian Indians took place in March, 1782.

The next white birth in Ohio is founded upon the assertion made by Mr. Henry Howe, in his 'Ohio Historical Collections,' page 437. He says:

Mr. Dinsmoore, a planter of Boone county, Ky., orally informed us that in the year 1835, when residing in the parish of Terre-Bonne, La., he became acquainted with a planter named Millehomme, who informed him that he was born in the forest, on the head waters of the Miami, on or near the Loramie portage, about the year 1774. His parents were Canadian French, then on their route to Louisiana.

We know nothing of the facts in this case other than as given by Mr. Howe. We presume he considered the statement of Mr. Dinsmoore reliable, or it would not have found a place in his valuable work.

Early in the year 1780, the Moravian church at Bethlehem sent to the Ohio missions as teacher, Miss Sarah Ohneberg. She was a young woman of fine education, amiable disposition and unaffected Christian piety. Soon after her arrival at Shönbrunn, she was the recipient of marked attentions from Rev. John Heckewelder, then in his thirty-eighth year. Friendship soon ripened into firmer attachment, and in July, 1780, they were united in marriage in the chapel at Salem, by the Rev. Adam Grube. All the mission families and the converted Indians witnessed the interesting ceremony. This was the first wedding of a white couple held in Ohio.

During the following year Mrs. Heckewelder gave birth to a female child at Salem. It was baptized and named Johanna Maria Heckewelder. We have already introduced this child to the reader. Her claim (for she always asserted it) to have been the first white child born in Ohio, has been shown to be unsustainable. Her history, however, is very interesting. A short time before her father's death, at her request, he wrote out

a statement regarding her birth and the events of her early childhood. This manuscript she sacredly retained until her death, and it has never been published, with the exception of a portion which appeared in the *Moravian*, the church paper published at Bethlehem. The writer has been favored with a copy through the politeness of Charles Broadhead, Esq. The original manuscript was written in the German language, and was translated with great care by the editor of the newspaper referred to. The translation is as follows :

Johanna Maria Heckewelder was born on Easter Monday, April 16, 1781, at Salem, a village of Christian Indians on the Muskingum river. She was baptized on the day following by Rev. William Edwards, minister at Gnadenhutten. A few days after her birth the Indians in that region were thrown into a state of great alarm by the sudden attack of an American army upon a town of the savages, named "Goschacking," and a number of the latter were killed. About eighty warriors came to our settlements, determined to break up the Indian congregations at Shoenbrunn, Gnadenhutten and Salem, or at least remove them about one hundred miles further westward ; but during their stay amongst us they changed their minds, and the majority of them, especially the chief, said they considered us a happy people, to injure whom would be a great sin, and that they wished that they themselves were partakers of the same happiness. Amongst them, however, was one evil disposed man, who had resolved to murder me (your father) and for two days he waited for an opportunity to carry out his purpose, but the Lord watched over and saved me from this danger in a very striking way.

After this event the three Indian congregations continued for some time to live in peace, and increased in spiritual knowledge and grace, so that we were filled with great joy. But in the beginning of the month of August we heard that there was a new movement amongst the Indians to drive us away, some even being in favor of destroying our settlements, but as they failed to find amongst their own number any who were ready to undertake this, certain wicked white men joined them, and on the twelfth of August they arrived at Salem with the advance guard. The others arrived during the following days, numbering in all three hundred warriors, who camped in the square at Gnadenhutten. They endeavored by all sorts or promises to entice our Indian brethren and sisters to leave our stations and to come and live with them. After spending three weeks in these efforts, which were entirely unsuccessful, and being in the end disposed to leave the matter drop, they found that they had compromised themselves to such an extent that they were compelled to use force.

They accordingly set apart the second of September for a general council, and all the brethren at the three stations were summoned to be in attendance. Brother David Zeisberger repaired to Shoenbrunn, eight miles above, I to Salem, about six miles below Gnadenhutten, and the Brethren Edwards and Senseman to the latter place. Brother Jungmann and wife remained at Shoenbrunn with Sisters Zeisberger and Senseman, the latter of whom had an infant at the breast, and Brother Michael Jung remained at Salem with you and your mother. We passed the night in much sorrow, but without fear. Finally, on the third of September, as we were walking up and down on a level spot behind the gardens, several warriors of the Wyandot nation came up and took us prisoners to their camp. Here we were stripped of our best clothes, and one of them, who probably did not know what he was about, seized us by the head and shook us, saying in a scornful tone, "Welcome, my friends."

After a while we were placed in charge of a guard. When we were taken prisoners the appearance of the Indians was indeed terrible, as they all grasped their arms, and we thought we should be dispatched on the spot ; but our grief at the thought of your mother and yourself and the others, was more terrible than everything else, for just as we were led into the camp about twenty warriors, brandishing their arms, and with terrible cries galloped off on their horses towards Salem and Shoenbrunn. When he saw them coming at a distance, Brother Jung locked the door of the house. You were lying in your cradle asleep. Finding the outer door locked, they burst it open by force and would have killed Brother Jung on the spot, but a white man who was with them prevented them. Your mother snatched you from the cradle

and was told that she was a prisoner and must accompany them to Gnadenbutten. The house was then plundered from top to bottom. In the meanwhile it had commenced to rain, and some of the Indian sisters begged very urgently that you and your mother might remain with them over night, promising to bring you to Gnadenbutten the next day. Brother Jung they took with them, arriving at the camp about midnight. We heard the scalp-cries all the while as we sat on the banks of the river, and the night was made all the more horrible to us.

We were all prisoners together. Our houses had been plundered, and we had nothing to cover our bodies but what our Indian brothers and sisters brought us. After several days we received permission to be with our Indians, but together with them were conducted through the wilderness to Upper Sandusky. On this journey the mothers and children suffered much, as the warriors would grant no halts. In the beginning of October we arrived at Upper Sandusky. We were entirely destitute, yet quite happy. We cared not for the morrow, and yet we were provided with our daily bread. We commenced to build little huts for ourselves, but before they were completed we received orders from the commandant at Detroit to repair to that place. This was a new and severe trial. Winter was at hand, and we were to leave our wives and children behind without any provision. In addition, the savages daily threatened to kill us. The day of our departure was fixed, and the Brethren Zeisberger, Edwards, Senseman and myself set out on the long journey. Brother Schebosch promised to provide our families with provisions brought from our deserted village.

We had not proceeded more than sixty miles on our journey before a messenger caught up with us, bringing the news that Brother Schebosch and his company had been seized and carried off by a party of militia. Other messengers arrived bringing the same intelligence, so that our anxiety for our wives and children became intense. At the Iowa (?) river we encountered endless difficulties in continuing our journey. We could not proceed alone, even if we had had permission to do so. The captain who had charge of us procured a keg of rum and all his men became drunk, and a number of evil-disposed people gathered at our halting place. At last, since we had some of our Indian brethren with us, we received permission from a white man to proceed. After several days' journey we came within four miles of Detroit, but for want of a boat to cross a deep river that lay right before us, we were compelled to spend the night, which was intensely cold and stormy, on the open plain, without any protection whatever, so that we were quite stiff and almost frozen by morning.

The next morning at about eight o'clock, without having had anything to eat, we were ferried across in a hay boat, and by ten o'clock we made our appearance before the commandant at the fort, who received us with many harsh words. Finally, as we remained perfectly composed, he seemed to have changed his mind somewhat and dismissed us in a much pleasanter manner. For a week we remained in a state of great uncertainty as to what was to become of us. We were not permitted to appear before the commandant to make any statements, nor were we permitted to address any written communications to him. At last, our accusers being all assembled, we were summoned to attend, and after a thorough examination into the accusations brought against us, the result was that two of our accusers were completely silenced, and the third became our defender. The council, which consisted of the military officers and other officials at this post and of a number of Indian chiefs, decided that we had been falsely accused and had innocently been compelled to endure many hardships. Thus even here the glory of God's name was protected.

From this time forth the commandant became our warm friend, and from other gentlemen at the post we received many kindnesses. Provided with some needful clothing and provisions, by order of the former, we set out on our return. Our Heavenly Father granted us, at this late season, the most pleasant weather, and by the end of November we rejoined our families once more (at Sandusky). On the very day of our return the winter set in, a great deal of snow fell and the cold became intense. The distress of our Indians became terrible. In a short time they lost one hundred and fifty head of cattle, which were their main dependence for food. The wild Indians again threatened to stop the peaching of the gospel, and the power of the prince of darkness seemed almost supreme. The scarcity of food became so great that we began to fear that some, especially the little children, would perish from hunger.

A number of Indian brethren and sisters accordingly resolved to return with their families to their

deserted villages and gather in the harvest, which was yet standing in the fields, and little by little to forward the proceeds to this place. They had almost finished this work and were preparing to return to us, when they were attacked by a party of American militia, taken prisoners, and butchered in cold blood. These dear martyrs, ninety-six in number, resigned themselves cheerfully to God's will. They united together in prayer to the Saviour, begged each other's forgiveness for past offences, sang hymns of faith and trust, and testified that they died as Christians. The many little children in this company shared the same fate as their parents. Thus a whole Indian congregation was in one night—seventh-eighth of March, 1782—translated from earth to heaven.

In the meanwhile, we who remained at Upper Sandusky were suddenly summoned to appear at Detroit, whilst our Christian Indians were to unite themselves to some of the wild tribes in the vicinity. Our poor Indian brethren could not understand nor reconcile themselves to these orders. Many of them accompanied us as far as our first camping-place, weeping as they walked beside us. Some went with us the whole way to Lower Sandusky, a five days' journey, amongst whom were two Indian sisters, one of whom carried you in a blanket the whole way, and the other sister Senseman's child. Here we waited three weeks for further orders, receiving during our stay the certain intelligence of the murder of our beloved Indians at Gnadenhutten.

Those were days of bitter suffering and most distressing doubts, but the Saviour comforted and strengthened us. As we were sitting in a friendly trader's house, a wicked man, an English officer, made his appearance and threatened to kill us on the spot. We knew that he could readily summon confederates to carry out his purpose, and commended ourselves to the protection of Him whose own we were. And wonderfully did He interpose in our behalf, for just then two boats arrived to fetch us away, and brought besides an order from Major Arent DePeyster at Detroit, in which he threatened to punish severely any persons who should in any way molest us. April 14, 1782, we set out in the boats, descending Sandusky river for thirty miles and then crossing Lake Erie to Detroit. On the sixteenth, your first birthday anniversary, we were compelled at four different times to draw our boat to the shore during a storm, once at great risk to us all. As I was afflicted with rheumatism and could not help myself, brother Edwards built a shelter against the wind for your mother and you out of cedar boughs. April 29 we crossed Miami bay, not without considerable danger, and the next day we arrived at Detroit. Here our whole company remained until August. Our Indians, who had been scattered in many different places, received permission to assemble here, and after several families had come, we commenced a settlement on the Huron river, which empties into Lake St. Clair. Many of our Indians joined us here, and the commandant, now Colonel DePeyster, provided us with provisions. As the brethren Jungmann and Senseman were, in the year 1785, to return to Bethlehem, your parents concluded to send you with them to the school at Bethlehem. After a farewell love-feast, these brethren set out, May 16, your father accompanying us as far as Detroit. The journey was made by boat across Lake Erie, and after being detained at Niagara for two weeks, in the same way across Lake Ontario to Wood's creek, and thence by way of Schenectady and Albany to Bethlehem, at which place you arrived July 8.

To the above account, Miss Heckewelder, a number of years before her death, added the following:

On this journey we were often compelled to spend the night in the woods in tents. We heard the wolves howling about our camp, and built large fires to keep them away. As we were often compelled to go on foot, I became very tired, and old Father Jungmann used to carry me for miles on his back. Arrived at Bethlehem, I was placed in the Children's Institute, being then only five years old. There was at that time no boarding school. This was only instituted the following year. I look back upon the years spent at this institution with the greatest pleasure. We received the most affectionate and tender treatment, and the exemplary Christian demeanor of our teachers has made an abiding impression on my heart. My school days being ended, I entered the sisters' house. Having been received into the church a short time before, I partook of my first communion on August 13, 1795.

In my twentieth year I received a call as teacher in the recently established boarding school at Lititz. Here I remained for five years, until the impaired state of my hearing compelled me to resign, and I returned to Bethlehem. At Lititz I had many severe experiences; many, too, which were very bene-

ficial to me. The Holy Spirit wrought wonderfully upon my heart, and the sinful state of my heart was revealed to me. I spent many sad and troubled hours, trying to build up a righteousness of my own, and yet never discerning what a Redeemer I had. On the occasion of a choir communion, September 10, 1803, I had a peculiarly deep feeling of my own poverty and sinfulness, and yet I experienced the peace of God in my soul in a way which I cannot in words describe. An ineffable feeling of love and gratitude to Him who could bless and forgive one so unworthy as myself, filled my soul. Now, everything was bright within me; I had passed from death to life. In this blessed frame of mind I remained for a long time; but I had yet many things to learn, and in spite of many alterations in my spiritual life, the Saviour was ever my helper and consoler. The total loss of my hearing occasioned me much pain, and I had a severe struggle before I could resign myself implicitly to this deprivation. The thought that this trial came from the Lord and was intended for my advancement in the heavenly life, has now entirely reconciled me to it.

A review of my experience fills me with grateful love to Him whose leadings have been so gracious and wise. I know myself to be nothing. Through grace alone I am what I am.

The loss of her hearing prevented Miss Heckewelder from devoting her future to the object chosen—the education of young women for useful occupations in life. From 1806 she resided at Bethlehem—up to 1823 in the family of her father, and afterwards with the sisters of the church. She was obliged to use a slate in conversation. Her habits were those of a pious, industrious woman. Her acts of benevolence and charity were frequent and disinterested. She abounded in good works. Old age curtailed her deeds of kindness and her “missions of love.” Her latter days were spent in meekness and quietness—waiting the coming of her time. Her last illness was short, and her end was peace. She died in the assurance of a blessed immortality, September 17, 1868, aged eighty-seven years, five months and two days. Her remains were deposited by those of her father in the Moravian cemetery at Bethlehem.

We here leave our first inquiry, and give the reader a brief sketch of the first white person born in Ohio, after the settlement made at Marietta, on the Ohio, in 1788. That person was Leicester G. Converse. He was born at Marietta, February 7, 1789, and resided there for many years. In 1835 he located in Morgan county, engaging in mercantile operations, from which, in 1846, he retired to his farm, situated on the west bank of the Muskingum, about five miles above McConnelville. There he continued to reside until his death, which occurred February 14, 1859. Mr. Converse was a man of character and ability, an exemplary Christian, and a citizen of great usefulness. He was passionately fond of farming, and for several years before his death was interested in the operations of the Ohio state board of agriculture.

FACSIMILE AUTOGRAPHS.

The following signatures are the *facsimile* autographs of the founders of the Charleston, South Carolina, chamber of commerce, and of the signers of association of 1774. They will be studied with interest, as most of the men whose autographs are here given were prominent characters in American affairs in the times in which they lived.

John Sullivan
Nathl. Folsom } *New Hampshire*

Thomas Bushning
Samuel Adams
John Adams
Robt Treat Paine } *Massachusetts Bay.*

Step Hopkins
Saml. Ward } *Rhode-Island and Providence Plantation*

Elijah Dyer
 Roger Sherman
 Elias Deane

Connecticut.

Isaac Duane

Isaac Low
 John Alsop

John Jay

New-York.

Wm. Floyd

Henry Wisner
 W. B. E. rum

Phil Livingston

Wil. Livingston
 Asa Crane
 Rich^d. Smith
 Henry
 John D. Hart

New-Jersey.

Wm. Duker
 Jos. Galloway
 E. Biddle
 Cha^s. R. Humphrey

Pennsylvania.

John Morton
 Tho. Mifflin
 Tho. McKean
 Geo. Read

Delaware.

Oloof Tilghman
 Thos John for Sec^r
 Wm Paca
 Samuel Chas^d

Maryland

Rich^d and Henry Lee
 G Washington

Virginia

Benjⁿ Harrison
 Richard Blund

Virginia
 concluded

Reasorle

Wm Hooper
 Joseph Hooper

North-Carolina

Henry Middleton

Christ Gadsden

Thos Lynch

J. Rutledge

Edward Rutledge

South
Carolina

GREAT IROQUOIS GATHERING.

At ten o'clock A. M., October 9, a curious gathering of people assembled at the rooms of the historical society, corner of Main and Court streets, Buffalo. There were Indians in native costume and in dress half modern; and there were white men and women, among whom were many of Buffalo's most prominent citizens. They had met to bury Red Jacket and contemporary chiefs at Forest Lawn cemetery.

The bearers took places around the caskets containing the bones of their old chiefs, and after a few words of instruction bore them down stairs, singing a low dirge as they walked. At the curbstone on Court street six hearses were waiting to receive the caskets. It was a novel sight—the Indians in feathers, paint, bright ornaments and costumes, with heads bowed, carrying between them the remains of their celebrated chiefs.

Several of the Indians carried tomahawks, and many wore buckskin coats, leggins and moccasins. When the hearses had received the caskets the bearers were placed in carriages. The funeral cortege formed in double line, with the head resting on Pearl street. Delegates, invited guests, and members of the historical society took carriages, and the procession moved off. A large crowd had gathered around the entrance to the rooms, and many people looked on from private carriages. When the procession had passed, the latter fell in at the rear and followed to Forest Lawn. The cortege numbered over sixty carriages, besides the hearses, and drove in double file down Pearl street and up Main, past the home of President William D. Forbes, who was prevented from attending by illness.

The procession turned into Delaware avenue through Virginia street, and arrived at Forest Lawn about ten o'clock. There, on the right of the roadway from the entrance, in a conspicuous location, the foundation for the Red Jacket monument had been built. Over it the platform for the ceremonies stood, and above it waved the American flag. In front of the platform were six open graves. The hearsers backed up to the side of the roadway, and the delegates and distinguished visitors took places on the platform.

Chiefs Levi Jonathan, an Onondaga; Benjamin Carpenter, a Cayuga; Henry Clink, an Oneida; John Fraser, a Mohawk; Moses Hill, a Tuscarora; and Andrew Snow, a Seneca, then gathered as bearers around the hearse containing Red Jacket's remains. They had been selected as a council, and represented the Six Nations, one from each great tribe, in the order in which they occupied the "Long-house." They are leading men in their tribes. Chiefs John Buck, an Onondaga; Joseph Porter, an Oneida; Thomas Isaac, a Tuscarora; and Peter Powless, a Mohawk, the bearers of Destroy Town, took places in the rear of the hearse containing that chief's bones. The other bearers did the same—David Hill, John Hill, the Rev. Z. L. Jemison, Senecas; and Robert David, a Cayuga, for Young Chief's casket; Thomas Lay, Silver Smith, William Jones and John Jacket, all Senecas, for Little Billy's coffin; and Nicholas Parker, a Seneca; John Mountpleasant, a Tuscarora; Thomas David and Thomas Jemison, Cayugas, for the bones of Tall Peter.

At a signal from undertaker Farwell, the bearers walked slowly to the graves, placed the caskets on rests, and took places on the platform. The gathering there was a notable one. Among the persons who sat on the platform were: General Ely S. Parker, or *Do-ne-ho-ga-wa*, the "Open door," head chief of the Senecas, now of New York City, and his wife; the Rev. L. Jemison, *Ska-oh-ya-dih*, "Beyond the sky," of Cattaraugus Reservation; John Jacket, *Sno-gyo-aj-a-ach*, "The whole earth," Plover tribe of Senecas, and a grandson of the distinguished orator and chief; Moses Stephenson, *An-o-wah-nay-or*, "Broad path," Cattaraugus; William Jones, *Tho-na-to-wah*, "Big sand, or large sand," Seneca; Mary A. J. Jones, *Jo-on-do-oh*, "It has put the tree again into the water," Seneca, a great-granddaughter of Red Jacket; Abby Jacket, *Oh-no-tyo-dyno*, "It has thrown away the house," Seneca, a granddaughter of Red Jacket; Sarah Jacket, *O-ge-jo-dyno*, "It has thrown away the corn tassel," Seneca; Irene Jones,

Gan-yah-was, "It sifts the skies;" Benjamin Carpenter, *De-ska-he*, "More than eleven," Cayuga; John Frasier, *A-sta-wen-ser-on-ha*, "Ratler," Mohawk; Joseph Porter, *Or-on-ya-de-ha*, "Burning sky," Oneida; Henry Church, *Kanowaga*, "Corn cob," Oneida; Levi Jonathan, *Kadagwaji*, "Well bruised," Onondaga; Peter Powless, *La-de-ka-ri-wa-de*, "Two stories alike," Mohawk; Moses Hill, *Tgo-gwa-wa-ken*, "Holding company," Tuscarora; John Buck, *Ska-na-wa-da*, "Beyond the swamp," Onondaga; James Jemison, *Oeyo-no-do-gen*, "Between the mountains," Cayuga; John Hill, Seneca; William Nephew, *So-noh-yah-wah*, Seneca; Robert David, *Sa-ko-ye-wa-ka*, "Keeper awake," Cayuga; Andrew Snow, *Te-sen-e-doh*, Seneca; Josiah Hill, *Sa-ko-ka-ryes*, "He bites them;" Lieutenant-Colonel Gilkison, superintendent and commissioner of the Grand River reserve, Ontario; John Jacket, *Sho-gyo-a-ja-ach*, or "Holding up our Earth," a grandson of Red Jacket; the Rev. L. A. Lambert, of Waterloo, who wrote the reply to Robert G. Ingersoll; Chester A. Lay, *Ho-do-an-jiak*, "Bearing the Earth," the government interpreter of the Senecas; Mr. Norman Seymour, secretary of the Livingston county Historical society; the Rev. Walter Anthony, *She-gua-qk-nind*, a Delaware Indian from the Grand River reserve; Little Willie Red Jacket Jones, *Sho-gyo-a-ja-ach*, "Holding up our Earth," of the Turtle clan, a great-grandson of Red Jacket; Miss Jessie Osborne, a Mohawk, great-granddaughter of Captain Brant; Isaac T. Parker of Batavia, *Da-jis-ta-ga-na*, "Watching the Council fire," a printer, and nephew of General Parker; Major F. H. Furniss, Crystal Springs, an Indian antiquarian; George S. Conover, Indian historian, Geneva, N. Y.; Mrs. Maris B. Pierce, widow of Chief Pierce of the Senecas; Mrs. Laura N. Wright, widow of the noted missionary, who has lived fifty-one years with the Indians; Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse, of New York, daughter of the Indian teacher and writer; Mr. Daniel McMillan, from the Genesee valley, now eighty-two years of age, and father of Daniel H. McMillan, Esq. of Buffalo; the Misses Johnson, daughters of the late Chief Johnson of Brantford, Ont.; John Mountpleasant, *Dah-gah-yah-dent*, "Falling Woods," chief-sachem of the Tuscaroras; Mrs. John Mountpleasant, *Ge-goh-sa-seh*, or "Wildcat," only sister of General Parker, and others—members of the historical society and other guests.

The Rev. Zachariah Jemison, a Seneca and a Presbyterian clergyman, tall, straight and over eighty years of age, offered prayer in his native tongue. His voice was earnest, and touched all by its pathetic tones, though none but the Indians understood. W. C. Bryant, Esq. of Buffalo, an adopted Iroquois; then delivered the following address:

FRIENDS AND BRETHREN—The clamor of contending parties in a great political contest is calculated to absorb public attention to the exclusion of subjects of an ideal, historic or sentimental character. Amid the din and uproar of this strife for the spoils and honors of office, how few have eye or ear to perceive the pathos, the mournful significance of a scene like this; we are here to bury the aboriginal lords of the domain in which we dwell, and which is now all our own. They met our pioneer fathers in amity and divided with them their slender store of corn and venison. They freely shed their blood for us on this frontier in the second war for independence. They are now nearly all wasted away, and the once proud and war-like Senecas will soon be classed with the tribes and races of men that were, but shall be no more. Their history, and that of their kindred and confederate tribes, composing the Iroquois, or Six Nations, is inextricably interwoven with our earlier annals. They constituted the most gifted and powerful members of the American aboriginal family. For generations they formed an impregnable barrier against the restless, daring and ambitious designs of the French. Their fidelity and valor largely determined the destinies of a continent.

At the period of the breaking out of hostilities in the Revolutionary war, the Senecas had reached the highest state of tranquility and happiness which a savage race can be permitted to attain. The bulk of their population dwelt in the valley of the Genesee and on the shores of the contiguous lakes. The conditions here were exceedingly favorable to the growth of a vigorous race, even under the disadvantages and limitations incident to the hunter state. At the most favorable position in the temperate zone, with a climate equable and bracing; a land of billowy hills and blossomy vales, drained by a river whose annual overflow enriched broad belts of natural clearing that in the autumn exulted in luxuriant harvests of golden maize; a river which, with a short portage to the Ohio, gave the flotillas of birchen canoes access to the heart of a continent; diversified by sunless forests and wide stretches of cloud-flecked prairies, or oak openings, whose solitude was enlivened by herds of deer and elk; spangled by lakes whose crystal depths

were populous with fishes, and on whose placid bosoms innumerable wild fowl plumed their breasts—a region of marvelous beauty and fertility, the Genesee country has been aptly termed the paradise of the red men. The Indian's appreciation of its transcendent loveliness is embodied in the imperishable name which he bestowed upon it, Gennisheyo, the shining or beautiful valley.

The Senecas, at the middle of the eighteenth century, were slowly awakening from the spell of the hunter state. Their chief source of subsistence had ceased to be the precarious chase, and had become to a large extent the fruits of their own rude husbandry. From the early Jesuit missionaries they had obtained the seeds of the apple, peach and pear, and had surrounded their villages with thriving orchards. From the Dutch settlers on the distant Mohawk they had obtained cattle and horses, and had learned to prize these inestimable adjuncts of civilized life. They had imbibed from the same sources some rude notions of domestic architecture, and had learned to covet the comforts and conveniences of the dwellings reared by the pale-faces. A comparatively pure, spiritual, religious faith and the beneficent workings of their wonderful scheme of government, stimulated by their observation of the white manifold inventions, had begun to work a change in the condition and prospects of our indigenous population.

The Iroquois aimed at universal sovereignty, and one of the conditions of peace imposed by the haughty actors was a total abstinence from war. Acknowledged masters of the continent, the energies which had found exercise in war would naturally have turned to pursuits more consonant with peace. The progress of transformation would have required centuries. But think of the long ages which witnessed the evolution of the modern Englishman from the painted savage whom Caesar met in Britain.

Oratory was not alone a natural gift, but an art among the Iroquois. It enjoined painful study, unremitting practice, and sedulous observation of the style and methods of the best masters. Red Jacket did not rely upon his native power alone, but cultivated the art with the same assiduity that characterized the great Athenian orator. The Iroquois, as their earliest English historian observed, cultivated an attic or classic elegance of speech which entranced every ear among their red auditory.

Their language was flexible and sonorous, the sense largely depending upon the inflexion, copious in vowel sounds, abounding in metaphor, affording constant opportunity for the ingenious combination and construction of words to image delicate and varying shades of thought, and to express vehement manifestations of passion, admitting of greater and more sudden variations in pitch than is permissible in English oratory, and encouraging pantomimic gesture for greater force and effect. In other words, it was not a cold, artificial, mechanical medium for the expression of thought and emotion, or the concealment of either, but was constructed, as we may fancy, much as was the tuneful tongue spoken by our first parents, who stood in even closer relations to nature.

The great incentive to eloquence, patriotism, was not lacking to the Ciceros of the wilds. No nation of which we have a record was dominated in a larger degree by this lofty sentiment. They were proud of their history and their achievements, devotedly attached to their institutions, and enthusiastic at the mention of the long line of chieftains and sages who from the era of Hiawatha had assisted in erecting this grand Indian empire. The time will come when the institutions, policy, eloquence and achievements of this remarkable people will be the themes of study for the youth in our schools of learning. The unvarying courtesy, sobriety and dignity of their convocations led one of their learned Jesuit historians to liken them to the Roman senate.

We boast of our chivalric treatment and estimate of the feeble sex. We delight to measure our superiority over the nations of antiquity by this standard. The Indian woman cultivated the soil in a rude, primitive way, and performed a considerable amount of toil connected with their simple mode of life. She is represented in our popular histories as a drudge and slave to her haughty and lazy lord. The fact is far different. She was regarded as the only rightful owner of the soil. She was entitled to a voice in their councils when emergencies arose affecting the weal of the nation, represented by a speaker of her own selection, a voice that was respectfully heeded and often proved potential and decisive. The children born to her belonged to her clan, not to that of her husband. In the event of a vacant chieftainship it was the prerogative of the chief matron of the family to name the favored one who should be his successor. There is not an instance in history where the appeal which defenceless female virtue makes to the stronger sex was disregarded by her Iroquois captors. Has our boasted civilization paid greater homage to the character of woman than did these barbarians? The outbreak of the Revolution did not only

check the new impulse among the Senecas towards progress, it was the signal for the downfall of the whole Iroquois confederacy. The Senecas, denying their ancient traditions, had wisely resolved upon a position of neutrality at the beginning of the contest. Partly by artifice, partly by fervent appeals to that covenant chain which had so long bound them to the British, they were induced reluctantly to give their allegiance to the latter. They had no concern in the quarrel, and the issue, if unfavorable to Britain, involved irretrievable disaster to her humble allies. The long and bloody war, the desolating campaign of Sullivan, signalized by the merciless destruction of their dwellings, orchards, crops, domestic animals, and all their wealth, save the blackened soil, the winter of unexampled vigor that followed, and which rendered resource to the chase, as a means of subsistence, impossible, were fatal to the Seneca nation. The Mohawks and the bulk of the other confederate tribes, save the friendly Oneidas and the Senecas, followed the British flag to Canada. The remnant of the Senecas, through the humane intervention of Washington, were permitted to return and rake the ashes from their devastated hearths, but they returned as vassals and no longer a sovereign nation.

Red Jacket returned with them. He was young when the war commenced. We can easily conjure up the figure of the youthful warrior from the shreds of tradition which have come down to us—an Indian Apollo, graceful, alert, quick-witted, fleet of foot, the favorite messenger of British officers to convey intelligence from one military post to another, and who bestowed upon him the traditional scarlet tunic, and caused him to be christened *Otletiani*, or "Always Ready." He acquired no distinction as a warrior during the revolutionary struggle, for he was born an orator, and while morally brave, lacked the stolid insensibility to suffering and slaughter which characterized their war captains. We can imagine him at the end of the war, grown older, wiser in experience and reflection, more ambitious and crafty, with greater confidence in his rich, natural gifts of logic, persuasion and invective, and attaining by virtue of these attributes the chief place of power and influence in his nation—alas! a wronged and broken nation. The repose, however, so essential to the recuperation of this wasted people, was denied them. Every breeze wafted to the ears of the Indian hunter the ring of the white man's axe and the crashing of falling trees. The restless feet of the pale-faces were on their track, first a slender stream of traders and adventurers, many of them seeking the far woodland solitudes as a shelter from outraged and pursuing justice; then a tide of immigrants, ever waxing in volume, until the Seneca territory was islanded by a sea of covetous, hungry pale-faces.

Red Jacket was no longer the petted though humble *Otletiani*, but the *Sagoyewatha* of his tribe; the "keeper-sake" of a broken, war-wasted people, fast lapsing into a somnolent state which only by a little precedes dissolution. He loved his people, who were still the proprietors of a magnificent domain. He yearned over them as a hunted lion over its whelps. The efforts of the "gamblers," as he aptly termed the land speculators and the companies endowed with incomprehensible rights of pre-emption, to dispossess the ancient lords of the soil, lashed his soul into fury. He hated the enemies of his people with fierce and unrelenting hatred, and he consecrated the remaining years of his life to the work of baffling their mercenary schemes. Inconceivably difficult was the task. He could neither read nor speak English, nor any other language spoken by the whites, and yet his speeches in council, mutilated fragments of which remain, disclose an acute and lofty intellect, a vigorous understanding, a marvelous memory, an imagination and wit electric and phenomenal. His logic was as keen as a Damascus blade; he was a master of satire and invective; he thoroughly understood the windings and intricacies of what we term human nature. His denunciation had the terrible vehemence of the thunder bolt, and anon his oratory would be as graceful and caressing as a midsummer evening's breeze. Replying to Mr. Ogden, the head of the great Ogden land company, he exclaimed with ineffable scorn: "Did I not tell you the last time we met that whilst Red Jacket lived you would get no more land of the Indians? How, then, while you see him alive and strong," striking his hand violently on his breast, "do you think to make him a liar?"

Often the fierceness of his temper, the righteous indignation that swelled his bosom, impelled him to hurl defiance at his foes, and to use language the possible consequence of which caused the more timid and abject of his followers to tremble with apprehension. But Red Jacket would retract not a single word, although a majority of the chiefs would sometimes secretly deprecate the severity of his utterances. Again, on other occasions sorely beset and almost despairing, he would essay to melt the hearts of the

pitiless pursuers of his people, and gave utterance to such touching words as these: "We first knew you a feeble plant which wanted a little earth whereon to grow. We gave it you—and afterwards, when we could have trod you under our feet, we watered and protected you, and now you have grown to be a mighty tree, whose top reaches the clouds, and whose branches overspread the whole land; whilst we, who were then the tall pine of the forest, have become the feeble plant, and need your protection."

Again, assuming the pleading tones of a suppliant, he said: "When you first came here, you clung around our knee, and called us father. We took you by the hand and called you brothers. You have grown greater than we, so that we no longer can reach up to your hand. But we wish to cling around your knee and be called your children."

Anou, pointing to some crippled warriors of the war of 1812, among the Indian portion of his auditors, and blasing with indignation, he exclaimed: ". . . It was not our quarrel. We knew not that you were right. We asked not. We cared not. It is enough for us that you were our brothers. We fought and bled for you—and now (pointing to some Indians who had been wounded in the contest) dare you pretend that our father, the President, while he sees our blood running yet fresh from the wounds received while fighting his battles, has sent you with a message to persuade us to relinquish the poor remains of our once boundless possessions—to sell the birthplace of our children, and the graves of our fathers? No! Sooner than believe that he gave you this message, we will believe that you have stolen your commission, and are a cheat and a liar!"

In debate Red Jacket proved himself the peer of the most adroit and able men with whom he was confronted. He had the provisions of every treaty between the Senecas and the whites by heart. On a certain occasion, in a council at which Governor Tompkins was present, a dispute arose as to the terms of a certain treaty. "You have forgotten," said the agent, "we have it written down on paper." "The paper then tells a lie," rejoined Red Jacket. "I have it written down here," he added, placing his hand with great dignity upon his brow. "There is the book the Great Spirit has given the Indian; it does not lie!" A reference was made to the treaty in question, when, to the astonishment of all present, the document confirmed every word the unlettered statesman uttered. He was a man of irresolute, indomitable will. He never acknowledged a defeat until every means of defense was exhausted. In his demeanor towards the whites he was dignified and generally reserved. He had an innate refinement and grace of manner that stamped him the true gentleman, because with him these virtues were inborn and not simulated or acquired. He would interrupt the mirthful conversation of his Indian companies by assuring their white host that the unintelligible talk and laughter to which he listened had no relevancy to their kind entertainer or their surroundings.

At the outset Red Jacket was disposed to welcome civilization and Christianity among his people, but he was not slow to observe that proximity to the whites inevitably tended toward the demoralization of the Senecas; that to preserve them from contamination they must be isolated from the influence of the superior race, all of whom, good and bad, he indiscriminately classed as Christians. He was bitterly opposed by the missionaries and their converts. He could not always rely upon his constituency, torn as they were by dissensions, broken-spirited, careless of the future, impatient at the interruption of present gratification, and incapable of discerning, as he did, the terrible, inexorable destiny toward which they were slowly advancing.

In this unequal and mournful struggle to preserve the inheritance and nationality of his people, his troubled and unhappy career drew slowly to its close. That keen and subtle intellect, that resolute soul which, David-like, unpanoplied, without arms or armor save the simple ones that nature gave, dared encounter the Goliaths of the young republic, were dimmed and chilled at last; advancing years and unfortunate excess had accomplished their legitimate work. The end to that clouded and melancholy career was fast approaching. But until the close, when death was imminent, he had no concern or thought which did not affect his people. He visited them from cabin to cabin, repeating his warnings and injunctions, the lessons of a life devoted to their interests, and bade them a last and affectionate farewell. He died calmly, like a philosopher, in the arms of the noble Christian woman who has made this society the custodian of his sacred relics. He was a phenomenon, a genius, with all the frailties and all the fascination which that word implies, in natural powers equal to any of the civilized race.

Granted that he was vain, granted that he sometimes dissembled like one of our modern statesmen,

granted that toward the close of his unhappy life he partook too often of that Circean cup which has proved the bane of so many men of genius of every race, we cannot change our estimate of his greatness; he remains still, the consummate orator, the resolute, unselfish patriot, the forest statesman, centuries in advance of his race—the central figure in that little group of aboriginal heroes which stands out in lurid relief on the canvas of American history.

He has been fitly called "The last of the Senecas." His life was troubled and unhappy. There has been no rest allowed even to his bones in the lowly grave, which should have been sacred and unprofaned. We now commit the mouldering relics of his humanity, surrounded, as he wished, by those of kindred and friends, to their last resting place. And here the dust of our antagonistic races will commingle undisturbed, until the final summons shall call alike, from "the ostentatious mausoleum of the white man and the humble grave of the Indian," the innumerable dead to one common judgment.

Though the occasion was a solemn one, the address was applauded. Chief John Buck, the hereditary "keeper of the wampum-belt," then arose, holding in his hand a belt of wampum kept by the nation for over three hundred years. The other Indians also arose. Chief Buck then sang in long, low, mournful tones the following chant in the Onondaga language:

Now listen, ye who established the Great League,
Now it has become old—
Now there is nothing but wilderness,
Ye are in your graves who established it—
Ye have taken it with you, and have placed it under you,
And there is nothing left but a desert.
There you have taken your intellects with you.
What ye established ye have taken with you.
Ye have placed under your heads what ye established—
The Great League.

Then the other chiefs joined in the chorus as follows, which is also given in the Indian tongue:

Haih-haih!
Jig-ath-on-tek!
Ni-yon-Kha!
Haih-haih!
Te-jos-ka-wa-yen-ton.
Haih-haih!
Ska-hen-ta-hen-yon.
Haih!
Sha-tyher-arta—
Hot-yi-wis-ah-on-gwe—
Haih!
Ka-yan-een-go-ha.
Ne-ti-ken-en-ho-nen.
Ne-ne Ken-yoi-wat-at-ye—
Ka-yan-een-go-ha.
Haih!
Wa-hai-wak-ay-on-nhe-ha.
Haih!
Net-ho wat-yon-gwen-ten-the.

Woe! Woe!
Harken ye!
We are diminished!
Woe! Woe!
The clear land has become a thicket.
Woe! Woe!
The clear places are deserted.
Woe!
They are in their graves—
They who established it—
Woe!
The Great League.
Yet they declared
It should endure—
The Great League.
Woe!
Their work has grown old.
Woe!
Thus we are become miserable.

The mourners then left the platform and took places at the heads of the graves. Chief Buck, who had been chosen to deliver the address of condolence, spoke in Onondaga for a few minutes, the other chiefs listening with bowed heads. The chant was again repeated. Many of the audience were moved to tears at the strange sight and melancholy sounds.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS,

CONTRIBUTED FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE NORTHERN OHIO AND WESTERN
RESERVE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

JOHN GIBSON TO NATHANIEL APPLETON, COMMISSIONER OF THE CONTINENTAL
LOAN OFFICE AT BOSTON.

TREASURY OFFICE, Phila. 7 Aug. 1777.

SIR :

Your of the 21st July is received. By Captain of the Light Dragoons you will receive a supply of certificates of the several denominations to the amount of dollars, by Mr. Hillegars account it should be , but in counting over the number a sheet of the denomination of 600 appeared among those of three hundred which I have taken out to be returned to him in lieu of which he will forward you another to fill up the numbers he has marked on the cover.

The President of Congress has several times been applied to for his warrant on you to pay the cashier general the thirty-five thousand one hundred dollars, and there is a resolution of Congress for that purpose but it is to me unaccountably deferred, however sir, I will take care this matter shall soon be put to rights.

I am sir,

Your most obedt. Serv.,

JOHN GIBSON JR., Comdr. Genl.

Nathaniel Appleton Esq.

SAMUEL B. WEBB TO THOMAS BULFINCH.

WITHERSFIELD IN CONNECTICUT, Feb. 2, 1778.

DEAR SIR :

By desire of my sister Mrs. Simpson, (who is rather unwell) I now enclose you a power of attorney, she says "she knows no other friend in Boston she can with freedom call on" and therefore begs your kind attention to her business, her situation is such that it would be dangerous for her at this season to undertake a journey, otherways she would have set off immediately for Boston on the receipt of your letter.

My particular friend Lieut. Col. William S. Livingston sets off for Boston in two or three days. Mrs. Simpson has communicated many particulars to him which would be to tedious for a letter—he will call on you—every civility shown him will add to the many conferred on the family. With my most affectionate compliments to Mrs. Bulfinch and little family, I am my dear sir,

Your affect. Servant,

Doctr. THOMAS BULFINCH.

SAMUEL B. WEBB.

HON. SAMUEL HUNTINGTON TO SAMUEL HUNTINGTON.

(Superscribed for

Mr. Samuel Huntington,

at Dartmouth College,

Dresden.

forwarded pr Mr. Jessie Kimball.)

NORWICH, Jan. 19, 1784.

DEAR NEPHEW :

I have heard nothing of your welfare since you left Coventry, and have no important intelligence to communicate. The family and friends are generally well ; John Devotion remains in the same state as when you saw him last.

I am now setting out for the assembly at New Haven, and from thence with the leave of Providence shall proceed on the Western Circuit to Litchfield, Fairfield, New Haven and Hartford, where I expect to arrive the first Tuesday in March.

You will write me by every conveyance, and generally direct your letters to Norwich as your aunt will be more desirous to hear from you than you may be to hear from her.

Should you have any conveyance to Hartford that may arrive there between the first and twelfth of March write to me and direct your letters addressed to the care of Daniel Solomon Smith at Hartford.

Let me have the pleasure to find that your improvements answer my expectations and the experience will not be lamented.

Please to make my particular compliments acceptable to Mr. Woodward, and believe me to be your constant friend and affectionate uncle.

SAM. HUNTINGTON.

P. S. The kind regards of your aunt and sister Fanny accompany my best wishes.

S. H.

GEN. HULL TO CAPTAIN CAMPBELL.

(Superscribed,

Captain Campbell,

Lower Sandusky.)

SANDWICH, UPPER CANADA, July 15, 1812.

SIR :

Immediately on the receipt of this letter you will march your company with that of Capt'n Roland's to Detroit. When you arrive at the foot of the Rapids you will relieve the officer commanding the Block House there, and his party, by placing one subaltern, two sergeants, two corporals and 16 privates at that post, who will be supplied with provisions by the contractor's agent at the foot of the Rapids, and must report to me from time to time. An equal portion of this relief will be furnished from each of your companies, according to their strength.

I am Sir,

Captain Campbell,

Your Obt. Servant.,

W. HULL, B. Genl., Com'g.

WASHINGTON IRVING TO S. R. BILLINGS.

(Addressed, S. R. Billings,

51 Pine Street.)

GREEN BAY (WESTCHESTER CO.) Oct 3, 1806.

SIR :

Having removed recently to the country, your letter of the 26th ult., communicating the invitation of the Directors of the Mercantile Library Association of N. York to deliver a public address be-

fore the institution, has just reached me. I cannot but feel deeply gratified by this mark of esteem, and I entertain so true a sense of the object and spirit of the Association that nothing could give me greater pleasure than to comply with the invitation. I am, however, so totally unused to public speaking, and have so invincible a repugnance to anything of the kind, that I have been compelled to decline similar invitations with which I have been honored by other institutions, and must likewise beg to be excused in the present instance.

I will thank you, sir, to communicate to the Committee the reason for declining the honor they have preferred me, and at the same time to assure them of my most grateful thanks for the proof of their good opinion and good will.

I am sir,

Very Respectfully,

Your Obt. Servt.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

S. R. Billings, Esq.

A LETTER FROM SIDNEY RIGDON.

Addressed—To Whom it may Concern.

KIRTLAND, March 15, 1837.

TO ANY GENTLEMAN OF BUSINESS IN CLEVELAND :

It is with pleasure that I recommend to them our much respected Citizen Mr. Reuben Had-dock, who is desirous of obtaining articles to some amount in the mercantile line as also provisions.

From the confidence I have in him as a man of truth, integrity, and property I will hereby bind my-self for the payment of any favours which he may receive from any gentlemen in goods or provisions.

SIDNEY RIGDON.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN TO OWEN LOVEJOY.

(Superscribed—

Hon. O. Lovejoy,
Washington, D. C.)

SPRINGFIELD, March 8, 1858.

HON. O. LOVEJOY.

DEAR SIR :

I have just returned from court in one of the counties of your district, where I have an inside view that few will have who correspond with you ; and I feel it rather a duty to say a word to you about it.

Your danger has been that democracy would wheedle some republican to run against you without a nomination, relying mainly on democratic votes. I have seen the strong men who could make the most trouble in that way, and find that they view the thing in the proper light, and will not consent to be so used. But they have been urgently tempted by the enemy, and I think it is still the point for you to guard most vigilantly. I think it is not expected that you can be beaten for a nomination ; but do not let what I say as to that lull you. Now let this be strictly confidential, not that there is anything wrong in it, but that I have some highly valued friends who would not like me any the better for writing it.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

P. S.—Be glad to hear from you.

GEN. THOMAS TO COL. GODDARD.

Headquarters Department of the Cumberland,
CHATTANOOGA, TEN., Feb. 8, 1864.

DEAR COLONEL:

Will you be kind enough to give the enclosed list of relics to Mrs. Goddard with my compliments and say that I am sorry I can do no better for the Sanitary Commission's Fair now. So many relics have already been taken from the battlefields of Chickamuga and Chattanooga, that very few good ones remain.

Yours truly,

GEO. H. THOMAS,
Maj. Gen'l U. S. S.

GEN. CASEY TO HON. HENRY WILSON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 5, 1864.

HON. H. WILSON, Chairman Committee M. A.,
U. S. Senate, &c.

The note of the Clerk of the Military Committee of the Senate, inclosing an ambulance Bill with the request that I would make such suggestions as might occur to me, is received. I will state frankly that from the varied and unforeseen circumstances which almost always accompany the operation of an army in the field I doubt the expediency of incorporating in an ambulance bill anything more than a few general clauses, which such circumstances would rarely effect.

It would be very proper to incorporate in a law the organization of the Corps with the allowances of Ambulance to Regiments, Batteries, &c.

With these remarks I will proceed to make a few suggestions that have occurred to me on reading the inclosed Bill. 1st, I would leave out the first section, for the following reasons: It would seem to create a sort of an "Imperium ad Imperio" in the Army Corps, conferring military command "per se," upon a class of Officers who have never had any such command. In order for affairs to work smoothly in an army, in my opinion, the following principle should be strictly observed, viz: In no military organization, whether an Army, Army Corps or Division, or a Regiment, a Brigade or a Company should there be an Officer or non-commissioned Officer on duty with the same, who possesses a command independent thereof.

Section 3rd. Let the part to which reference is made read as follows:

It shall be the duty of the Medical Director or chief medical Officer of the Army Corps, to issue in the name of the Commander thereof, the proper order to the Captain, &c.

Sec. 5th. Let the part to which reference is made read as follows:

That the 1st Lieut assigned to the Ambulance Corps of a Division shall have complete control under the Captain of all ambulances, &c., &c.

Section 7th. Provided that nothing contained in this section shall be construed to prohibit the Commander of an Army, of an Army Corps, of a separate Division or Brigade, or of an Expedition on the march, &c., &c.

Section 8th. He shall make a requisition signed by the Colonel, and countersigned by the Brigade and Division Commander, upon the 1st Lieut., &c.

Section 9th. Or the Officer, non-commissioned Officer and private of the Ambulance Corps, or such other non-commissioned Officers and privates who may be assigned to duty with the Ambulance Corps for the occasion, &c., &c.

Very Respectfully,

Your Obed. Servant

SILAS CASEY, Maj. Gen.

E. D. BRADLEY TO L. V. BIERCE, ESQ., REGARDING THE PATRIOT WAR OF 1838.

(Addressed to

L. V. Bierce, Esq.,

Akron, Ohio.)

DR. GENERAL:

I have received your order dated at Detroit, Dec. 8th, and in answer will say that it is impossible for me to go west for at least three weeks.

My health has been so feeble for the last three or four months that my business is not in a situation to leave till that time, you must therefore excuse this necessary delay, and in consequence make such other arrangements as will best comport with the interests of the service.

In the mean time I wish you would give me an account of what transpired while you was above and also the plans and prospects of future operations that I may act understandingly in the matter. There is one thing that I will again suggest which is that all the available patriot force East of Cleveland be immediately ordered West that we may make one united effort to sustain ourselves after gaining the enemy's territory. We must have a rallying point.

The idea of attack at different points with a force wholly inadequate has and will continue to be as long as practised the distraction of all our hopes.

Be kind enough to remember me to friends. Will you write without delay?

With much respect &c.,

E. D. BRADLEY.

Dec. 16th, 1838.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE editor of this Magazine deems it literature, and the new book proves to be due to all parties concerned to say: one of the most interesting and important The relation which the Western Reserve of the series. It is published in two volumes and Northern Ohio Historical Society has a fine portrait of each of the sustains to this publication is that only of brave generals, and new maps. We may a friendly patron, whose officers have extended to the editor the privilege of using the society's rich and valuable collection of historical manuscripts. Col. Whittlesey, the president, and Judge Baldwin, the secretary, are both deeply interested in the success and permanent usefulness of this Magazine, and both will be occasional contributors to its pages, but their relation does not extend beyond this point. The society is in no sense responsible for the conduct of the Magazine; neither is the Magazine the organ of the society. It is the organ of no society, but seeks to be the promoter of historical literature, particularly in that part of our country which lies west of the Alleghany mountains, and hopes to merit the friendly interest of historical and pioneer societies everywhere, and to receive help from that constantly growing class that are interested in western annals.

STUDENTS of history will be glad to learn that Little, Brown & Co. have just published a new work by Francis Parkman, entitled 'Montcalm and Wolfe,' the seventh book in the last issue of his historical narratives. Mr. Parkman's books are an invaluable contribution to historical

It is to be hoped that congress will at its next session reach early action on the Dorsheimer copyright bill—a measure intended to secure to foreign authors the right of ownership in their property in this country which is now denied. A law so just should long ago have been enacted, and though at the last congress the sentiment of the members of that body was largely in its favor, yet, strange as it may seem, more than one-third of the representatives of the lower house recorded their votes in opposition to the consideration of the measure—a two-thirds vote being necessary to make it a special order for a certain day, and thus gain for it the advantage of a hearing and of a decision by the house. Strange as this opposition appears, stranger still is it that intelligent (but we fear very narrow-minded) men should advance arguments so weak to defeat the measure. One position taken was that a foreign author had no property rights in the product of his labor, study and

thought. If he be an American author his rights are unquestioned, and he can own his book and put his own price upon it; but if he be a foreign author he can have no rights which the American people are bound to respect. Yet it will not be denied that an author on the other side of the ocean may labor just as industriously, study just as thoroughly, think just as profoundly and produce a book just as meritorious as the author on this side; that both are members of the human family, born with the same inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and that the only ground of distinction that can be made is that the one works, studies and thinks in Europe and the other in America. This, let it be known, was the strongest argument that was advanced against Mr. Dorshimer's bill, and yet the measure failed by a two-thirds vote.

We say *strongest* argument, because the other argument—that we ought to rob the man beyond the seas so as to be able to possess his property at about one-fourth its true value, and thus continue the era of cheap books, and thereby promote knowledge and the culture of the masses—is so rank with dishonesty and so distinctively the cry of the demagogue that it is a far meaner and therefore a weaker argument than the other. The one seeks the light through the narrow channel of prejudice, the other is a voice that issues from a den of thieves.

THE BIBLE.—It is a striking fact—did you ever seriously think of it reader?—that the grandest, the best, the wisest, the most interesting book ever written is a book of history—a book that comes from

heaven; a book that records the dealings of God with man; a book that furnishes a concise account of the building of the universe, of the creation of man; that tells how God's peculiar people were given laws to obey—laws whose wisdom and righteousness are eternal; how this people became a great nation, and gave birth to kings and prophets; how they sinned and were punished, and how for their evil deeds they were finally lost and swallowed up among other nations of the earth; a book that foretells the coming of one who should be the Saviour of men; that tells how and when he came, of many marvelous things he did and said; of how he suffered and died and was buried; a book that records the greatest and most comforting event of time—his victory over death—and finally, of his ascension into heaven.

There are many critics, some among the professedly learned, literary and scientific men, who deride the Bible, and pour contempt upon its authority. Let it be known, however, that they scoff at a book which possesses literary excellences with which those of no other book are comparable; which contains passages of unsurpassed sublimity of thought and beauty of language; a book with which, when properly interpreted, true science will always be found in accord; a book for which the greatest minds of every age have had the profoundest reverence; have accepted its teachings as of divine authority; and have believed it to be in a certain true sense the infallible word of God; a book upon which has rested the best civilization of every age, and on which rests the highest civilization of to-day; a book that aspires

to virtue and a godly life; that has gathered to itself and holds the affections of countless generations, and is the exhaustless fountain of truth, from which the greatest thinkers, teachers and preachers of every age have drawn inspiration to explain and enforce by logic, eloquence and learning its precepts and teachings.

In 1807 Thomas Jefferson wrote: "Nothing can now be believed which is seen in a newspaper. Truth itself becomes suspicious by being put in that polluted vehicle. The real extent of this misinformation is known only to those who are in situations to confront facts within their knowledge with the lies of the day. I really look with commiseration over the great body of my fellow-citizens, who, reading newspapers, live and die in the belief that they have known something of what has been passing in their time; whereas the accounts they have read in newspapers are just as true a history of any other period of the world as of the present, except that the real names of the day are affixed to their fables. I will add that the man who never looks into a newspaper is better informed than he who reads them, inasmuch as he who knows nothing is nearer the truth than he whose mind is filled with falsehood and errors."

We fear the mendacity of the press of 1807 is no greater than that of the press of 1884. There exists to-day a class of newspapers grievously given to lying, a notable illustration of which is furnished in the presidential campaign just ended. The manner in which the character of each of the leading candidates was assailed by the employment, not of facts which on either side seemed sufficiently startling, but of lies; and the disgraceful method of seeking to clothe them with a semblance of truth, and then using them for facts—the manner in which, when the battle was ended, victory was claimed by the victors in Massachusetts, Michigan and Wisconsin, which they knew they had lost; and defeat was denied by the vanquished in Indiana, Virginia and New York, which they knew their enemy had won—the manner in which all these things were done and kept up for weeks after the facts were within easy reach, makes one feel a little uncomfortable in the thought that his newspaper should deem him so stupid and gullible. A newspaper that wishes to be thought reliable, but must at all hazards be sensational and "newsy," and yet expects that its readers will never find it out but will continue to think it honest and trustworthy, will soon or late awake to the fact that it has taken rather too much for granted. A lying newspaper is even more to be despised than a lying individual.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

THE FIRST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN AMERICA.—It is a noteworthy fact that

the first religious service in North America of which any record is given was (as related by the historian, Hakluyt) that of the Protestant Episcopal church. This historian says that in Frobisher's third voyage in the year 1578, on the coast of Greenland, the explorer and his followers held service according to the ritual of the English church, and the holy communion was administered. The first religious services held by the English colonists in this country were celebrated in 1587 on the Isle of Roanoke, North Carolina, whither Sir Walter Raleigh sent a band of immigrants, in April of the year named, to plant a new colony in America. A chaplain of the English church accompanied the immigrants, and on the thirteenth of August baptized the Indian chief Monteo. On the eighteenth of the same month of the same year, the daughter of John White, the governor, Eleanor Dare, gave birth to the first white child born in America, Virginia Dare. In 1607, when Virginia was settled, religion was established by law according to the forms of the English church.

The Rev. Robert Hunt was the first minister at Jamestown, and it is recorded that on the fourteenth of May, 1607, he administered the holy communion to his people. The following is the account which Captain John Smith, of historic re-

nown, gives of the first church built in the United States:

We did hang an awning, which was an old sail, to three or four trees to shadow us from the sun; our walls were rails of wood, our seats unhewn trees till we cut planks, our pulpit a box of wood nailed to two neighboring trees. In foul weather we shifted into an old rotten tent, for we had few better. This was our church till we built a homely thing like a barn—set up crotchets, covered with rafts, sedge and earth; so also were the walls, that could neither well defend from wind or rain. Yet we had daily common prayer, morning and evening; every Sunday two sermons, and every three months holy communion till our minister died.

The Rev. Mr. Buck succeeded Rev. Mr. Hunt, and he was followed by Rev. Alexander Whittier, who won for himself, by his zeal and ability, the title of "the apostle of Virginia." By him Pocahontas, the Indian princess, was baptized and united in marriage to John Rolfe.

In the same year, 1607, a settlement was made in Maine, at the mouth of the Kennebec river, and this infant colony built an Episcopal church, the Rev. Richard Seymour, the chaplain, officiating.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN OHIO.—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of the Rt. Rev. G. T. Bedell as Bishop of Ohio, which was celebrated in St. Paul's, Cleveland, by appropriate ceremonies on the 27th of October last, marks an interesting epoch not only in the life of a noble man but in the history of the Protestant Episcopal church in Ohio. This history offers a profitable study to all

who are interested in the grand work of intellectual and spiritual qualities—firm which the church of Christ is accomplish- for the truth, logical in thought, clear in ing in the spread of evangelical truth and statement, graceful in speech, with a voice the elevation of human character. of music, and a rare dignity of manner—

Philander Chase, the first bishop of Ohio, was elected to that office in 1818, and consecrated February 11, 1819. To him the people of Ohio are indebted not only for the great work he accomplished in planting and building the church in this state, but also for his grand achievement in behalf of higher education. In 1823, feeling the need of larger and better school advantages in his diocese, he visited England and secured the handsome sum of \$30,000 for the founding of a college and theological seminary in Ohio. Thus were laid the foundations of Kenyon college. He remained at its head during his bishopric, which closed in September, 1831. Bishop McIlvaine succeeded Bishop Chase, and was consecrated in 1832. So wise was the choice that the church abundantly prospered, and the college rapidly grew in influence and strength during his jurisdiction. Able in an exceptional degree, and consecrated to his work by a devotion which only the loftiest spirit can feel and manifest, his influence was felt in every parish of his diocese, and as the head of Kenyon college and of the theological seminary, he was recognized as a power for good at home and abroad. In 1858 the work became too great for one bishop to satisfactorily perform, and Gregory Thurston Bedell was called by the church to assist in its prosecution. Great wisdom prevailed in the councils of the church in the choice of him who was first to assist and then to succeed Bishop McIlvaine. Endowed with a rich heritage

of intellectual and spiritual qualities—firm for the truth, logical in thought, clear in statement, graceful in speech, with a voice of music, and a rare dignity of manner— Bishop Bedell soon won his way not alone to the consciences but to the hearts of his people. Bishop Chase was known for his iron will and great strength of purpose; Bishop McIlvaine was revered for his wisdom, his learning, for his high manhood and dignified bearing, and for the energetic and faithful discharge of the duties of his high office; Bishop Bedell, while he is respected as the possessor of the same high qualities which made his predecessors great, is loved for other qualities which it is no disparagement of them to say they did not possess. The work which the Episcopal church, under the leadership of these eminent men, has accomplished in the commonwealth of Ohio is an important one—a work that has exerted a powerful influence in molding the character of the people of the state. A parallel of what the Episcopal church has accomplished may be found in the history of every other Christian denomination. In whatever degree Christianity enlightens the mind, ennobles the purposes and elevates the thoughts and desires of mankind, to that degree is the church of Christ to be accorded praise for what it accomplishes in behalf of a higher civilization. Who would essay to measure this influence?

In 1827 the church's college was founded at Gambier—a college which numbers among its alumni such illustrious men as ex-President Hayes, Edwin M. Stanton, Henry Winter Davis, Stanley Matthews of the supreme court, and David Davis of Illinois.

**EPISCOPAL CHURCH ORGANIZATION,
WITH PROCEEDINGS OF THE FIRST
CONVENTION IN OHIO**—The first

Episcopal church parish in the state of Ohio was undoubtedly that which was organized at Worthington in 1804. In 1807 the parish was incorporated by the state legislature at St. John's church. In 1809 a parish was organized in Boardman, Trumbull county, by the election of a warden and vestrymen. The first regularly ordained Episcopal minister who held services in the state was most probably the Rev. Jackson Kemper, a missionary, who visited the parish of Boardman in 1814 and preached there, as well as in Canfield and Poland.

St. Peter's parish of Ashtabula was organized in 1816, September 26. The Rev. Roger Searle of Plymouth, Connecticut, the first resident Episcopal minister in the state, arrived in Ashtabula in February 1817. The Rev. Philander Chase came in March of the same year. The first church convention assembled in Columbus at the house of Dr. Goodale, on the fifth day of January, 1818. There were present only two clergymen and nine lay delegates, representing but seven parishes. The historic value of this first church convention within the boundary of the commonwealth is so great that we publish its proceedings in full.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, January 5, A. D. 1818.

This being the day and place for the meeting of the convention of the Protestant Episcopal church in the state of Ohio, the convention pursuant to notice duly given in the public prints and otherwise, met at the house of Dr. Goodale.

After divine service, prayers being read by the Rev. Roger Searle, the Rev. Philander Chase was elected president, and David Prince secretary.

The following gentlemen, as lay delegates, were duly recognized and took their seats, viz: Messrs. Benjamin Gardiner and Joel Buttles, from Trinity church, Columbus; Ezra Griswold and Chester Griswold, St. John's church, Worthington; Joseph Platt, St. James' church, Boardman; Solomon Griswold, Christ church, Windsor; David Prince, Grace church, Berkshire.

On motion,

Resolved, That Edward King, Esq., from St. Paul's church, Chillicothe, be admitted as a member of this convention.

He appeared and took his seat.

On motion,

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to enquire into the state of the Protestant Episcopal church in the state of Ohio and report to this convention. The Rev. Roger Searle, the Rev. Philander Chase, and Joseph Pratt, Esq., were appointed.

On motion,

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to draft rules for the regulation of this convention. The Rev. Mr. Searle, Messrs. Buttles and Chester Griswold were appointed.

Resolved unanimously, That we, the members of this convention, are in communion with the Protestant Episcopal church in the United States of America; and also, that we do unanimously adopt the general constitution and canons of said church; whereupon, the following gentlemen were appointed a committee to draft a constitution, for the Diocese of Ohio; viz: Messrs. Searle, Chase, King, S. Griswold and Gardiner.

On motion,

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to suggest some measures for the support of a bishop in the state of Ohio; and for this purpose, Benjamin Gardiner be added to "the committee on the state of the church;" and that they and he be requested to attend to the subject of this resolution.

Resolved, That this convention adjourn until two o'clock to-morrow.

January, 6th.

The convention met pursuant to adjournment. The Rev. Mr. Searle, from the committee to form rules of order for this convention, made report of the same, which was unanimously adopted.

The Rev. Mr. Chase, from the committee appointed to draft a constitution for the Protestant Episcopal church in the state of Ohio, reported. The draft was read and ordered to lie on the table.

On motion, this convention adjourned until six o'clock this evening.

The convention met agreeable to adjournment. Mr. John Matthews, from St. James' church, Zanesville, appeared and took his seat.

Resolved, That Alfred Mack, Esq., from Christ church, Cincinnati, be admitted as a member of this convention.

On motion, the draft of a constitution for the Protestant Episcopal church in the state of Ohio, was read a second time. The several articles having been duly considered, the whole was read a third time and adopted unanimously.

On motion,

Resolved, That this convention now proceed to the appointment of a standing committee; in pursuance of which the following persons were duly appointed, viz.: The Rev. P. Chase, the Rev. R. Searle, B. Gardiner and Chester Griswold.

Messrs. Searle and Chase, from the committee to report "on the state of the church in the state of Ohio," made report; which being read was accepted and ordered to be inserted on the minutes of the convention.

REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE CHURCH.

The committee appointed by the convention, to give a view of the state of the Protestant Episcopal church in the diocese of Ohio, beg leave respectfully to report.

That there being present but two clergymen residing in this state, and officiating therein, the most satisfactory way of bringing the state of the church fully to view, will be by recounting what they have during the short time of their ministrations done towards the establishment and prosperity of our infant Zion.

The Rev. Mr. Searle observes that he came into this state in the month of February, 1817, in which month, and in March and April following, several parishes were formed in the state of Ohio, as members of the Protestant Episcopal church. A parish in Ashtabula, county of Ashtabula, by the name of St. Peter's church, was formed in February last, with considerable promise. Trinity church, in Cleveland, was formed soon after. St. Mark's church in Columbia, St. John's church in Liverpool, St. Paul's church in Medina, St. Luke's church in Ravenna, and St. James' church in Boardman, were duly organized in March and April. Grace church in Berkshire, and St. Paul's church in Chillicothe took form also in April last. A general spirit of suitable zeal seemed everywhere to prevail, and an ardent wish was expressed for the ordinances of our holy religion.

During the very laborious services rendered by the subscriber last spring, two hundred and eighty-four persons and children were baptized, and eighty-three persons admitted to the holy communion.

On his return to the state of Ohio, in November last, the subscriber has visited many parts of the state. Some of the parishes formed last spring are found to be prospering, increasing in numbers and proper zeal for the interests of religion generally, and for the primitive doctrines and usages of the church. In Steubenville, in St. Clairsville, in Morristown and in Cambridge, there are parishes formed which are under the care of the Rev. Doctor Dodridge of Virginia, all of which are understood to be prospering.

The subscriber has now devoted nearly one year in unremitting services and labors for the promotion of those interests justly deemed sacred by the members of the church and the friends of religion generally. And while he views with great pleasure every opening prospect pointing to the future prosperity of primitive piety, he earnestly prays the great head of the church to direct the measures leading us to our contemplated organization.

R. SEARLE.

The Rev. Mr. Chase observes that he came into this state in the month of March last; that he organized a parish of the Protestant Episcopal church in the town of Windsor, county of Ashtabula, by the name of Christ's church; that he baptized rising of sixty persons therein and administered the holy communion to twenty-four persons; that the members of this infant parish appear to be pious and ardently attached to our primitive communion.

Besides officiating in various intermediate places where prayer-books and tracts were earnestly wished for, the Rev. Mr. Chase held divine service, and regularly incorporated a parish of our communion at the iron works in the township of Talmage and vicinity by the name of St. Stephen's church. This parish is but small, but of considerable promise; the baptisms were a few.

Mr. Chase held services and preached in several places on his way to Zanesville. In Coshocton he partially organized a parish. There being several persons in that place and neighborhood belonging to our communion, much is hoped from the exertion of some future laborer in the vineyard.

In Zanesville he found a very respectable congregation of Episcopalians, duly organized under the pious and praiseworthy exertions of the Rev. Mr. Dodridge of Virginia. Mr. Chase baptized several persons, both adults and infants, in this parish, and thinks they bid fair soon to become a distinguished part of the church in this state.

In Lancaster Mr. Chase officiated. The members of our communion in that place, though not

numerous, yet expressed their hope that a parish might soon be organized, so as to require the services of a clergyman, at least a part of the time. The same observations may be applied to the people of our church in Circleville.

In Chillicothe Mr. Chase officiated several times. As the respectable parish in this town was duly organized by the Rev. Mr. Searle, and as he has mentioned its state and prospects in the part of this report assigned to him, Mr. Chase passes it over. He understands, however, that they intend soon to erect a church for public worship. Mr. Chase officiated in Springfield and Dayton, in both of which places the attempts to organize parishes in our communion have not been totally without success.

In Cincinnati Mr. Chase was peculiarly blessed in the formation of a numerous and wealthy parish by the name of Christ's church. The persons belonging to this parish have, since their recent establishment, manifested a zeal and ardor in the cause of Zion, worthy of better days. They regularly meet and hold divine services on Sunday; notwithstanding their exertions to procure a clergyman, they have hitherto been unsuccessful.

Mr. Chase succeeded in organizing a parish in Columbus by the name of Trinity church, and another in Delaware by the name of St. Peter's church; these, together with a small parish in Norton and Radner, formed last summer by Col. James Kilbourn, a very respectable parish in Berkshire, formed by the Rev. Mr. Searle, and the parish of St. John's church, Worthington, constitute the present cure of Mr. Chase. In this cure, comprehending these last named parishes, he has baptized rising of a hundred persons, and at stated times administered the holy communion to about sixty-five.

Notwithstanding the many difficulties incident to infant parishes in new and settled countries, there is, under the smiles of a benignant Providence, much to cause the heart of a Christian to rejoice for the present, and to take courage for the future. A Bible and prayer-book society has been formed in Worthington and vicinity of much promise; and a female tract society, under the direction of the rector of St. John's church, is recently organized, and bids fair to be very useful.

The constant accession to the number of communicants at the altar, as well as the awakened attention of the congregations in general, to the necessity of holy baptism and other ordinances of the Gospel, afford great cause for gratitude to the

divine head of the church for the operations of his grace, and the prompt and ardent prayer for future blessings.

P. CHASE.

The committee appointed to "suggest measures for the support of the Episcopate," made report; on which it was

Resolved, That this convention do appoint a committee consisting of gentlemen from different parts of the state, who shall be earnestly requested, jointly or severally, to digest a plan or plans for the support of the Episcopate of the state, and to report at the next convention.

Whereupon the following persons were appointed, viz: The Rev. P. Chase, the Rev. R. Searle, Ethan Stone and Arthur St. Clair, Esq., Cincinnati; Benjamin Gardner, Esq., Columbus; James Kilbourn and Chester Griswold, Esqs., Worthington; John Mathews, Esq. and Doctor Conant, Zanesville; Solomon Griswold, Esq., Windsor; Turhand Kirtland, Esq., Poland, Trumbull county.

On motion, this convention adjourned till to-morrow at 9 o'clock.

January 7, 1818.

The convention met pursuant to adjournment. After prayers being read by the Rev. P. Chase, the minutes of the convention were read.

Resolved, That this convention view with lively emotions of pleasure the flourishing though infant state of our church in Ohio, and that they earnestly recommend to the various parishes in the state, that each send at least one delegate to the next convention, to meet at Worthington on the first Monday of June next.

Resolved, That the minutes of this convention be referred to a committee of three for correction and engrossing, and the same committee shall then take steps for the printing and distribution of the same.

The following gentlemen were appointed: The Rev. P. Chase, the Rev. R. Searle and E. King.

On motion, this convention adjourned without day.

Signed, PHILANDER CHASE,
President of the Convention.

DAVID PRINCE, Secretary.
EDWARD KING, Assistant Secretary.

The next convention, which was the first after the adoption of the constitution of the church in Ohio, assembled at Worthington, Ohio, June 3, 1818, and elected Rev. Philander Chase, Bishop of Ohio. There were present only four clerical and thirteen lay delegates. Rev. Mr. Chase received every vote for bishop except one, evidently his own. He was consecrated in St. John's church, Philadelphia, February 11, 1818. His journey from Worthington, Ohio, to Philadelphia and return was made on horseback.

REVIEWS.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JOHN FILSON, *the First Historian of Kentucky*, with portrait. By Reuben T. Durrett, Filson Club Publications. Number one, large quarto, 132 pp. uncut. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co., 1884.

A service of priceless value to history in general, and to western history in particular, has been rendered by the publication of this just and fitting tribute to the memory of John Filson. It has rescued from obscurity the life and literary achievements of the first historian of Kentucky, and of the first American author west of the Alleghany mountains. Not only this, but several hitherto controverted points have been definitely set at rest by the author's thorough and painstaking research, which has also brought to light the quaint character of this interesting man.

John Filson, born in the valley of the Brandywine, Pennsylvania, went to Lexington, Kentucky, possibly in the year 1782—certainly not later than the year 1783—at a time when the tide of immigration to that region was very great, and soon after his arrival formed the acquaintance of such famous pioneers as Daniel Boone, Levi Todd, James Harrod, Christopher Greenup, John Cowan and William Kennedy. With the laudable purpose of accelerating the currents of immigration that were flowing into Kentucky from all directions, he determined to publish a book and a map of the country. From Boone and the other pioneers named above he gathered, by diligent and persistent inquiry, all possible information concerning the topography, the natural resources, the discovery and settlement of the country, and in 1784 published his book and map, the former at Wilmington, Delaware, and the latter at Philadelphia. The fact of the separate places of their publication led, as Mr. Durrett undoubtedly rightly thinks, to the issue of some copies of the book without the map, and those into whose hands these copies finally came, or who had seen the book without the map, contended that no map had been published, while those who had seen a copy or copies containing the map were equally positive in the claim of its simultaneous publication with the book. The author of this memoir had given a copy of the book with the map to the public library of Louisville, and knew that the map had certainly been published. But the book in question had been stolen from the library, and he could not produce it to prove his claim. He finally procured another copy, after the most praiseworthy efforts, and had it reproduced, a *fac simile* appearing in connection with his memoir. To any student of history this map alone is worth many times the price of Mr. Durrett's book. It is not only an accurate picture and description of Kentucky a century ago, but is an interesting specimen of the historian's handiwork, and an illustration of the fidelity and care with

which he performed his undertakings. The book proper contains forty-eight octavo pages, devoted to the discovery, purchase, settlement, topography and resources of the country, followed by an appendix larger by one-half than that which precedes it. The principal and most valuable part of the appendix was devoted to "The Adventures of Colonel Daniel Boone, formerly a hunter, containing a narrative of the wars of Kentucke." The author says of this:

It is the gem of the collection. It is the little fountain from which have flowed so many enchanting streams of Indian conflict and pioneer adventure in the dark and bloody ground. It begins with Boone's first coming to Kentucky, in 1769, and gives the scenes in which he was engaged until 1784, when the work was published. The events in the career of Boone thus narrated were the initial steps of Kentucky's settlement, and make up the charming first chapter of our Western Annals.

Of the book itself Mr. Durrett says:

It is the rarest of the rare Kentucky books, and not one in a thousand has ever seen it. The few copies that exist are either locked up in public libraries, or in the collections of private citizens, who exclude them from the shelves of booksellers until death separates an owner from his treasure, and thus enables a new bibliophile to obtain it at an exorbitant price. Recently a copy in the Brinley collection was sold at an auction in New York for \$120, about three hundred times the original pittance realized by the author for it when first published.

After publishing his book Filson returned to Kentucky. An account of this journey, which was made by wagon to Pittsburgh, and thence down the Ohio by flatboat, is given with several amusing incidents. In 1785 he visited the Illinois country, and again in 1787, and made notes of his journey to and fro each time, which he intended for publication. Dr. Lyman C. Draper of Madison, Wisconsin, has these manuscripts now in his possession, and intends to use them in his

life of General George Rogers Clark, soon to be published. An extract from these manuscripts not hitherto made public is given by Mr. Durrett, and forms a very interesting narrative. It gives a verbatim account of an attack upon Filson and his companions, three in number, and of the death of two of them, and of his own very narrow escape, and his flight from danger on his return from Vincennes in 1786.

His last scheme, for he was ever ambitious for new undertakings, was that of laying out the site of a town on the Ohio river, opposite the mouth of the Licking. In August, 1778, he entered into a co-partnership with Mathias Denman and Robert Patterson, by virtue of which he became the owner of one-third part eight hundred acres of land, whereon the city of Cincinnati now stands. Filson's part in the undertaking was to survey and lay out the town, and publish its merits to the world—a part he was well fitted to satisfactorily perform. Filson gave to the town the name of Losantiville. He published a prospectus, setting forth the natural and local advantages of the place, and it is maintained with much plausibility that he laid out the town site, though this fact is disputed and cannot be very definitely determined, though Mr. Durrett's view that he did with compass and chain lay off his Losantiville, or at least run some of the lines and streets, seems the most probable one. In regard to the manner of his death his memoirist says:

Possibly, while making these limited surveys in the midst of the doubts of external boundary, Judge Symmes arrived from Limestone, and with a view to

determine, among other things, how far east of the Great Miami the western line of the Losantiville lands should begin. Filson joined the Symmes party in an exploring and surveying expedition to the Great Miami. In this excursion, after the country had been explored as high as the upper line of the fifth range of townships, Filson separated from his companions, disappeared in the woods and was never seen more. Hostile Indians were then lurking in the woods, and it was assumed that he had fallen beneath the stroke of the tomahawk or been pierced by the ball of a savage. His remains were never found, and none of his clothes or papers were ever recovered. No reports ever came from any of the Indian tribes that he had been either killed or captured by them. Numerous searches were made for his skeleton, as the lapse of time deepened the melancholy traits of his fate, but none of his bones were ever found. The insidious panther, crouched amid the overhanging boughs, may have sprung upon him, or the surly bear have crushed him within its terrible embrace; the deadly crotalus may have sent fatal poison into his veins, or his own worn out heart may have ceased to beat. Among the mighty sycamores and great maples of the valley of the Miami he took his departure from his companions, and these silent witnesses have told no story of the manner of his going.

Mr. Durrett gives us a very clear conception of what kind of a man John Filson was—a man of superior learning, but of inferior scholarship, rather given to litigious disputations, ambitious to amass property, but serving others rather than himself in this regard, fastidious in his dress and personal appearance—a man of vivid imagination, of literary tastes, fond of exploring the field of letters as well as the wilds of the wilderness. The portrait of Mr. Filson, which serves as a frontispiece, though after the only likeness that could be procured, is the one unsatisfactory feature of the book, which is ably written, elegantly printed in large clear type on heavy laid paper, showing wide margins and uncut pages, and bound in unique paper covers—a gem of a book which every person interested in history should possess, and which even the general reader may well covet.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

THE DECEMBER CENTURY.

THE CENTURY for December has for its frontispiece a profile portrait of General Grant, engraved from a recently found photograph taken in 1862. It accompanies the second of the papers on the civil war, "The Capture of Fort Donelson," which is contributed by General Lew Wallace, who commanded the third division of Grant's army during the siege. A score of illustrations present views on the field, portraits of officers, maps, and (not the least interesting) an autograph copy, recently made by General Grant, of his famous "Unconditional Surrender" dispatch to General Buckner. The "Recollections of a Private" are continued, with descriptions of the early "Campaigning to no Purpose" along the Potomac, with illustrations. In both papers the drawings are nearly all from photographs.

The fiction consists of "An Adventure of Huckleberry Finn, with an account of the famous Granger-Shepherdson Feud," by Mark Twain, being a tale of life along the Mississippi river, some of the types being represented in the sketches of D. W. Kemble; the first part of a novelette, in three parts, "The Knight of the Black Forest," by Miss Grace Denio Litchfield—a story of American girls in Europe, which is illustrated by Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote; and the second part of Mr. Howell's new novel, "The Rise of Silas Lapham."

Other illustrated papers are "Dublin City," of which Mr. Joseph Pennell has made sketches to accompany; a humorous and instructive paper by Prof. Edward Dowden, the Shakespere commentator; "Hunting the Rocky Mountain Goat," a narrative of personal experience, by William A. Baillie-Grohman, with illustrations by George Inness, Jr.;

a third paper in "The New Astronomy" series by Prof. S. P. Langley, in which he endeavors to give the reader some conception of "The Sun's Energy," and a critical paper on "American Painters in Pastel," with an example of pastel work by Robert Blum. George E. Waring, Jr., the sanitary engineer, sets forth in detail by diagrams a subject of pressing importance in a paper on "The Practical Aspects of House-drainage." Miss Emma Lazarus contributes a critical paper on "The Poet Heine," which contains translations by herself, and John Burroughs a piece of poetic natural history on "Winter Neighbors."

"Topics of the Time" contains editorials entitled "One way to Prevent Divorce," "Was the Chinese Traveler Right?" "Economic Mistakes of the Poor," and "A Ready-made Foreign Market for American Goods"—the last referring to the need of an international copyright, and apropos of a comprehensive account of "The Present State of the Copyright Movement," which is contributed to the "Open Letter" department by Mr. Lathrop, the secretary of the American copyright league. Other communications deal with "The World's Exposition at New Orleans," "Recent Electrical Progress," and "Co-operative Agriculture." Here also appear, in response to the request of the editor, letters from Generals James B. Fry and Thomas Jordan, chief-of-staff at Bull Run, concerning the mooted question of the number of men engaged in the battle. *Bric-a-Brac* contains a cartoon by W. H. Hyde, and verse by John Vance Cheney, and others. O. C. Auringer, James T. McKay, Emma Lazarus and C. T. Daly contribute poems to the number.

THE Magazine of American History for November is an exceedingly attractive number of this excellent publication. The opening and leading paper is that of the

editor, Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, on "The Unsuccessful Presidential Candidates." Brief but graphic pen sketches are given of the defeated aspirants for presidential honors during the period from 1780 to 1853. The article is embellished with very interesting portraits, some of which, notably that of Henry Clay, are most excellent.

WE HAVE received a copy of an "Address of Hon. T. D. Brown" delivered at Caldwell, Ohio, upon the occasion of the reunion of the 116th Ohio volunteers, September 17, 1884. The part performed by this regiment in the civil war is reviewed in an interesting manner.

THE widest interest has been manifested in the forthcoming publication of The Current's series of analytic papers on "The American Type." They are to begin in The Current of November 29, and will be ten in number. The writers are: John Habberton, editor of the N. Y. *Telegram*; Professor David Swing of Chicago; Horatio Nelson Powers, D. D., of Connecticut; Marion A. Baker, literary editor of the N. O. *Times-Democrat*; Rt. Rev. W. E. McLaren of Illinois; Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus") of the *Atlanta Constitution*; W. A. Croffut, the New York journalist and litterator; Hon. Gilbert A. Pierce, governor of Dakota; George Edgar Montgomery, the essayist and critic; and the Rev. Dr. A. W. Thomas of Chicago. An interesting fact in connection with these important papers is that each writer has discussed "The American Type"—entering minutely upon

an analysis of those qualities and characteristics most distinctive and typical in the average American on the line of his aspiration, motive and action—without knowledge of any other writer treating of the same subject, thus giving the entire series an extraordinary interest through the opportunity afforded for comparison, so that "The American Type" papers have the same rare and valued quality that could attach to the same number of studies by as many great painters upon a given great subject.

THAT sterling monthly, *The North

American Review, for December, reached us filled as usual with able and well considered reviews upon interesting and important questions of the day. The following is the table of contents: I.—Labor and Capital Before the Law, by Justice T. M. Cooley. II.—The Palace of the Kings of Tiryns, by Dr. Henry Schliemann. III.—Notes on Railway Management, by William K. Ackerman. IV.—The British House of Lords, by George Ticknor Curtis. V.—Responsibility for State Roguery, by John F. Hume. VI.—Friendship in English Poetry, by Principal J. G. Shairp.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

To the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY:

SIR: "Who is the oldest living native-born citizen of the Reserve?" is one of the questions proposed in the first number of your Magazine.

Mrs. Anna M. Baldwin, widow of Harvey Baldwin and daughter of David Hudson, was born in Hudson, Oct. 28, 1800. She has from that time been a resident of Hudson, with her home in sight of the place of her birth. Is there an older native of the Reserve? Mrs. Baldwin was the first white child born in the township, and is now in good health and vigor. She has just returned from a visit to her granddaughters in Toledo.

Very respectfully,

Hudson, O.

M. C. READ.

INDIAN HIEROGLYPHICS.

To the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY.

SIR: It is not generally known that in the Susquehanna river, near Safe Har-

bor, Pennsylvania, are two remarkable rocks upon which certain hieroglyphics, representing birds, beasts and reptiles, are carved. The work has been done by Indians, probably at a very remote period of time. The river is filled with rocks, various in size and extent, between which the water flows with great rapidity, forming a series of rapids and eddies. Its width at this point is about one mile, and among these rocks are the two bearing these hieroglyphical inscriptions. It is evident that a large amount of time and labor has been expended upon the designs, and primitive stone implements must have been employed, as no sharp lines betray the use of iron or steel. Upon these rocks upwards of eighty distinct figures are to be seen, and the Linnaean historical society pronounce them to be the product of design toward some end of high importance, which it yet remains for archaeologists to make clear.

They are without doubt symbolical, and not the work of idle hours or the offspring of fancy.

C. W. DARLING,
Utica, N. Y.

HISTORICAL AND PIONEER SOCIETIES.

CUYAHOGA COUNTY PIONEER SOCIETY.

The anniversary of the Cuyahoga county early settlers was celebrated July 22, at the Tabernacle, with appropriate ceremonies. The president, Hon. Harvey Rice, in his annual address, called attention to the fact that the society's day for its annual gathering is the birthday of the city of Cleveland, and gave a sketch of the life of its founder, General Moses Cleaveland.*

Interesting speeches were made by Mr. George B. Merwin and John A. Morgan. The annual address was given by Hon. O. S. Griswold on "The Corporate Birth and Growth of Cleveland," and is an able and scholarly paper, replete with valuable information. Every citizen of Cleveland interested in the city's history and growth should read and preserve for reference this valuable paper of Judge Griswold, which has been published in pamphlet form. Hon. John A. Foote, senior, deceased, and Hon. R. P. Spalding, made interesting remarks, the former recalling some noteworthy incidents in the life of Sherlock G. Andrews, and the latter giving some pleasing reminiscences of the Hon. George Tod, president judge of common pleas, at an early day residing at Youngstown, and of his son, afterwards governor of Ohio, and a succinct account of the organization of Trinity parish of Cleveland. We quote from Mr. Spalding's speech the following incident in the life of David Tod, the war governor of Ohio:

In the spring of the year eighteen hundred and twenty-three (1823), and just after I had commenced "house-keeping" in Warren, the seat of justice of Trumbull county, I visited the Hon. George Tod, president judge of the common pleas, at his residence on "Brier Hill," in the vicinity of Youngstown. He lived in a log house, upon a tract of land of one hundred and sixty acres, which he had contracted to purchase of General Simon Perkins, at three dollars an acre, but which he was unable to pay for, as he had a wife and six children to support, while his salary was no more than eleven hundred dollars. But there was no limit to the hospitality of the family.

I spent the night at the house, as I frequently did. In the course of the evening, the judge and his daughters (one of whom was afterwards Mrs. Grace T. Perkins, mother of the lady who has just now entertained us so highly), sang several songs for my amusement, and at last the judge said to me with somewhat of a boastful air: "Mr. Spalding, all my children are singers; they can all sing well. Where is David? Do some of you call David."

* We expect to publish in our next number a biography with a fine portrait of General Cleaveland.

Very soon a young man, some fifteen or sixteen years of age, dressed in a suit of homespun, with a broad-brimmed felt hat on his head, entered the room, and, bowing respectfully to the judge, asked him what he wished him to do. "My son," said he, "I have been singing, and your sisters have been singing for Mr. Spalding, and I have told him that all my children are singers; now I want you to show him how well you can sing."

The young man, without moving a muscle of his face by way of evincing emotion, immediately struck up the old tune of *MEAR* with the words:

"Old Grimes is dead,
That good old soul,
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear
His long-tailed coat,
All buttoned up before."

Again he bowed, and left the room, when his father said to me with much apparent feeling: "Mr. Spalding, there is more in that boy than comes to the surface. Oh, if it could only be developed."

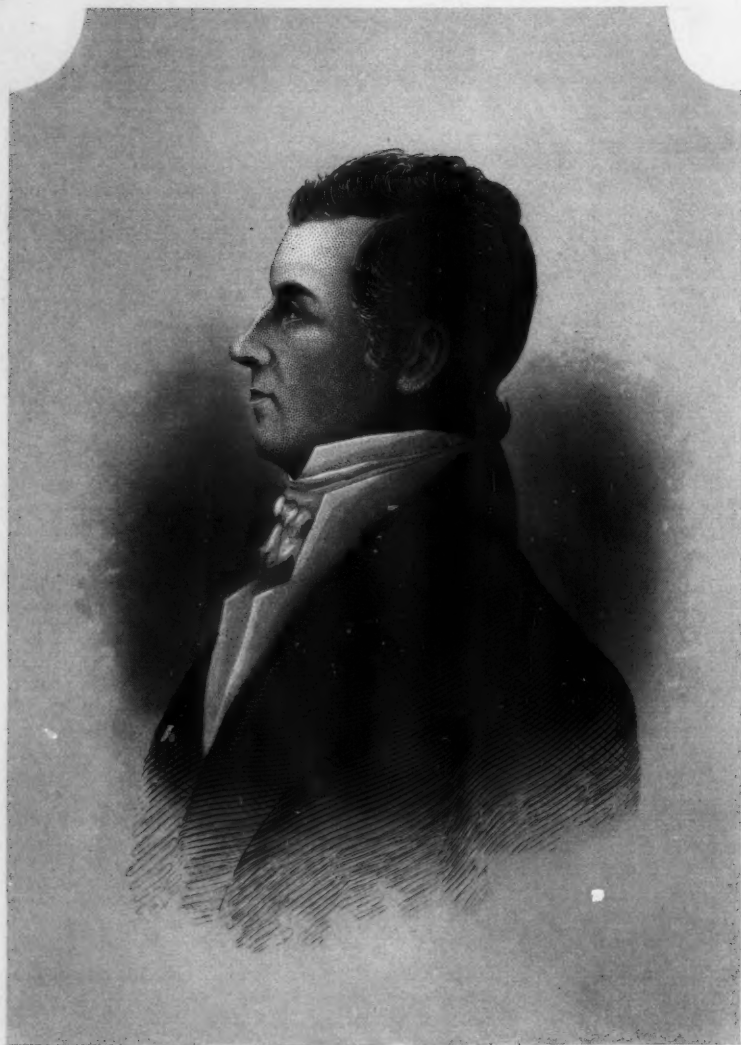
Said I, "Why do you not, then, send him to school, and thus give him a chance for development?" The reply was: "I am so poor I cannot afford it."

"Send him up to Warren," I said to the judge, "and so long as I have anything to eat, he shall share it with me."

The offer was accepted, with a stipulation by Judge Tod, that he should feel at liberty to send me occasionally from the products of his farm such articles as would be useful to my family.

In this manner David Tod left his father's log cabin at Brier Hill, and entered upon a course of study that, within ten years, enabled him to pay up his father's contract with General Perkins, and made him the proprietor of the valuable coal-mines that lay buried in that tract of land, and ultimately gave to the country the patriotic war governor of Ohio in 1861-2.

So much for the encouragement of our young men of slender means.



F.E. Jones, Sc. Circ.

Edward Tiffin

